MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

50¢ 13

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™

52 FULL PGS. NO ADS

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL CLASSIC--IN A POWERFUL, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN COMICS ADAPTATION!

STAN LEE presents

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

by James Fenimore Cooper

ARCHIE GOODWIN
Editor-in-Chief

JOHN WARNER
Editor

DOUG MOENCH
Script

SONNY TRINIDAD
Artist

KAREN MANTLO & CONDOY
Letterers

DON WARFIELD
Colorist

RALPH MACCHIO
LEN GROW &
NORA MACLIN
Production & Staff

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersy, 1789. He spent most of his young life on his father's estate at Cooperstown, N.Y. which was then a frontier landscape that sparked in Cooper an early interest in the American Indian which he later carried over into his literary works. He was sent to Yale College in 1806, but was later expelled in his junior year for alleged insubordination. In 1808 he joined the Navy and three years later resigned and was married, settling into a life as a farmer in Westchester County. From this point, his career as a budding writer proceeded in earnest.

Cooper was prolific, publishing more than thirty novels, many of them social pieces, critical of "coonskin" democrats. In his finest moments he was one of the most truly American of American authors, who brought to life men of the sea and the primeval forests with a freshness and power that earned him a worldwide reputation. He was probably less influenced by foreign writers in the literary directions he followed than any other American writer of that time.

Cooper is most famous for his Leather-stocking Tales, a series of five interconnected novels, of which, *Last of the Mohicans* is the second, though no two of the novels appeared in their proper order when first published. Natty Bumppo, the major figure in these works is a colorful unforgettable character, as are Leatherstocking and Hawkeye, each in their special way, representative of the early American experience.

After making an indelible mark on the consciousness of his country, Cooper retired to his family's estate in Cooperstown, where he died in September of 1851.

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS® SERIES FEATURING LAST OF THE MOHICANS is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published quarterly. Copyright 1976 MARVEL COMICS GROUP. All rights reserved 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 13, 1976. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the United States of America.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS
by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

It was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America that the dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet. A wide and apparently impervious boundary of forest separated the possessions of the mutually hostile provinces of France and England — and perhaps no district of the frontier could more vividly bost the fierceness of savage warfare than the region between the headwaters of the Hudson River and the adjecent lakes of Champlain and "Horican" (or Lake George)...

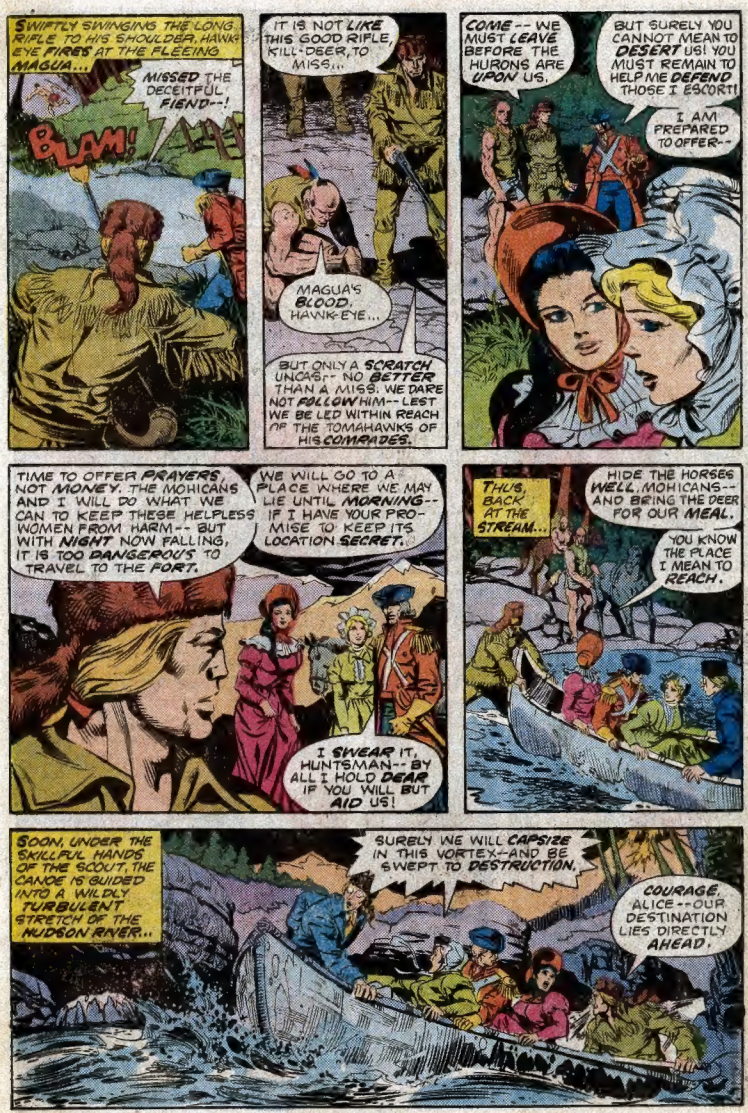
FORT EDWARD, 1757: SINCE GENERAL BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT IN 1755, THE ENGLISH HAVE FARED POORLY IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.
NOW, HAVING RECEIVED WORD FROM COLONEL MUNRO--COMMANDANT AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY-- THAT MONTCALM'S FRENCH AND INDIAN FORCES ARE MOVING DOWN LAKE CHAMPLAIN TO ATTACK, GENERAL WEBB DISPATCHES A BODY OF SOLDIERS TO MUNRO'S AID...
ALSO SETTING OUT ON THE TWENTY MILE JOURNEY BETWEEN THE TWO FORTS ARE TWO WHO ARE ANYTHING BUT SOLDIERS -- CORA AND ALICE MUNRO, DAUGHTERS WHO WISH TO BE AT THEIR FATHER'S SIDE IN THIS HOUR OF DANGER...
GODSPEED, HEYWARD -- DELIVER COLONEL MUNRO'S DAUGHTERS WITH THE UTMOST PROTECTION AT YOUR COMMAND! AND BEWARE OF MONTCALM'S SAVAGES.
I SHALL GUARD THEM WITH MY LIFE, GENERAL WEBB-- FAREWELL SIR!
THAT SAVAGE, HEYWARD -- ARE SUCH SPECTERS COMMON IN THE WOODS--? CORA AND I WILL NEED ALL OUR HEREDITARY COURAGE TO FOLLOW SUCH AS HIM.
PUT YOUR FEARS ASIDE ALICE-- THAT IS MAGUA, WITH WHOM YOUR FATHER HAS RIGIDLY DEALT. HE MAY BE TRUSTED NOW.
YOU MEAN HE WAS MY FATHER'S ENEMY--? THEN I TRUST HIM EVEN LESS.
THAT IS IN THE PAST, ALICE-- MAGUA IS NOW YOUR FATHER'S OWN RUNNER. BESIDES, HE HAS REQUESTED TO GUIDE US TO THE PORT.
I WOULD SOONER FOLLOW THE SOLDIERS, DUNCAN.
NONSENSE, ALICE, SHOULD WE DISTRUST THIS MAGUA BECAUSE HIS MANNERS ARE NOT OUR MANNERS--AND BECAUSE HIS SKIN IS DARK?

VERY WELL -- I WILL SAY NO MORE AND FOLLOW YOUR TRUSTED SAVAGE -- THOUGH HE APPEARS TO CHOOSE A ROUTE DIFFERENT FROM THAT TAKEN BY THE SOLDIERS.
THIS WAY SHORTER -- FASTER.
THEN WE DEPART FROM THE ROAD...?
NOW YOU BEGIN TO DISTRUST HIM, CORA?
COME ALONG -- IF MAGUA SAYS THIS ROUTE IS QUICKER, THEN THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR.
THUS, WITH EACH STEP CARRYING THEM FURTHER FROM THE ROAD, THEY RIDE THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST IN SILENCE... UNTIL --
WAIT -- THE SOUND OF A HORSE APPROACHING -- THROUGH THE BRUSH!
WHO ARE YOU -- AND WHOM DO YOU SEEK?
I AM DAVID GAMUT -- A SINGER OF PSALMS -- A MAN OF PEACE -- A MAN OF GOD.
I TRUST YOU JOURNEY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY -- AND OFFER YOU THE PRIVILEGE OF MY COMPANY AND VOICE.
THE ROAD TAKEN BY THE ARMY LIES BEHIND YOU, STRANGER -- WE CHOOSE OUR OWN COMPANY AND HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR VOICE.
OH, LET HIM COME DUNCAN -- HE IS ONE MORE IF WE NEED HIM.
BESIDES, HIS STRANGENESS AMUSES ME...
THUS, WITH MAJOR HEYWARD'S RELUCTANT CONSENT, THE SMALL PARTY IS JOINED BY THE CURIOUS MASTER OF PSALMODY...
HOW GOOD IT IS, OH SEE, AND HOW IT PLEASETH WELL TOGETHER, E'EN IN UNITY FOR BRETHERN SO TO DWELL...
IT'S LIKE THE CHOICE OINTMENT, FROM THE HEAD TO TH' BEARD DID
TOO MUCH NOISE! IN WOODS, NOISE IS DANGER!
AND IN THE FACE OF SUCH A SNARL, THE GENTLE DAVID GAMUT ABRUPTLY FALLS SILENT.

AND IN SILENCE THE JOURNEY IS CONTINUED FOR MANY HOURS OVER VAGUE TRAILS AND THROUGH TRACKLESS WILDERNESS --UNTIL MAGUA FINALLY HALTS AND ADMITS...
WHAT--?! YOU ARE LOST--?! AFTER WE PLACED ALL OUR TRUST AND FAITH IN YOU...!
VERY WELL THEN MAGUA --I SHALL ASSUME THE LEAD NOW...
...AND PRAY TO PROVIDENCE FOR SOME MIRACLE OF GUIDANCE.
ON THE SAME DAY, AND NOT VERY FAR AWAY, SIT TWO FRIENDS WHO SEEM TO FORM A PART OF THE VERY FOREST WHICH SURROUNDS THEM-- AND WHOSE LONG-STANDING LOVE FOR EACH OTHER TRANSCENDS ALL MATTERS OF HERITAGE AND RACE.
THEY ARE HAWK-EYE, AN AMERICAN SCOUT AND CHINGACHGOOK, A MOHICAN SAGAMORE. EITHER ONE COULD WELL BE TERMED A "MIRACLE OF GUIDANCE"...
MY PEOPLE, THE MOHICANS, ARE BUT SPIRITS, HAWK-EYE-- AND I AM HE WHO KNOWS GREAT SORROW. WHERE THE PINE ONCE GREW NOW STANDS A CHESTNUT...
...AND THE FOREST IS NO LONGER OURS.

THE PALEFACES LANDED AND GAVE MY PEOPLE THE FIREWATER--AND MY PEOPLE DRANK UNTIL THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH SEEMED TO MEET AND THEY FOOLISHLY THOUGHT THEY HAD FOUND THE GREAT SPIRIT.
THUS, THEY PARTED WITH THEIR LAND--FOOT BY FOOT, THEY WERE DRIVEN BACK FROM THE SHORES UNTIL I, A CHIEF AND A SAGAMORE, HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SUN SHINE THROUGH THE TREES, AND HAVE NEVER VISITED THE GRAVES OF MY FATHERS.
GRAVES BRING SOLEMN FEELINGS OVER THE MIND CHINGACHGOOK. ALL YOU HAVE SAID I HAVE HEARD BEFORE AND BELIEVE--AND THOUGH MY PEOPLE HAVE MANY WAYS I MUST CONDEMN...
... YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THESE THINGS HAPPENED LONG BEFORE THE ENGLISH CAME TO THIS COUNTRY.
DUTCH OR ENGLISH HAWK-EYE --WHAT DOES IT MATTER?
MY TRIBE IS THE GRANDFATHER OF INDIAN NATIONS--THE BLOOD OF CHIEFS FLOWS IN MY VEINS...
BUT ALL OF MY FAMILY HAS GONE TO THE LAND OF THE SPIRITS--AS I TOO, MUST ONE DAY GO...
... AND WHEN I AM FOLLOWED BY UNCAS THERE WILL NO LONGER BE ANY OF THIS BLOOD -- FOR UNCAS IS MY ONLY SON...
... AND HE IS THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.
AND A BETTER MOHICAN THERE HAS NEVER LIVED, SAGAMORE ... THOUGH HE NOW TAKES LONGER THAN EXPECTED...
YES, HAWK-EYE, BUT MY SON COMES NOW.
DO YOU BRING NEWS AS WELL AS FOOD, UNCAS--?
NEWS OF STRANGE MOCCASINS, HAWK-EYE, I HAVE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF THE IROQUIS MINGOES, AND KNOW THAT THEY NUMBER AS MANY AS THE FINGERS OF MY TWO HANDS.
BUT THEY LIE HID LIKE COWARDS.

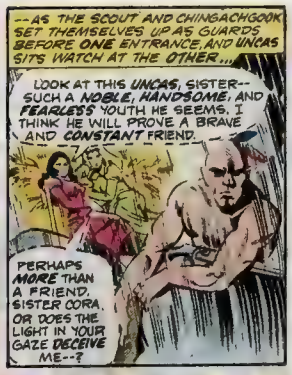
TEN HURONS, THEN -- ON THE SIDE OF THE FRENCH-- AND THE THIEVES ARE PROBABLY LYING IN WAIT FOR SCALPS AND PLUNDER.
WAIT-- THAT SOUND! PERHAPS IT IS--
NO, HAWK-EYE --IT IS ONLY THE HORSES OF WHITE MEN. THEY ARE YOUR BROTHERS-- SPEAK TO THEM.
THAT I WILL, AND IN ENGLISH EVEN THE KING NEEDN'T BE ASHAMED TO ANSWER. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY ARE WHITES, SAGAMORE, AND NOT REDMEN.
'TIS STRANGE THAT AN INDIAN SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHITE SOUNDS BETTER THAN A MAN WHO IS HIMSELF WHITE...
WHO COMES HERE --AMONG THE BEASTS AND DANGERS OF THE WILDERNESS--?
BELIEVERS IN RELIGION AND FRIENDS OF THE LAW-- THOSE WHO HAVE JOURNEYED SINCE THE RISING SUN WITHOUT NOURISHMENT, AND WHO ARE SADLY TIRED OF THEIR WAYFARING.
YOU ARE LOST, THEN?
WE SEEK THE WAY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY, HUNTSMAN-- BUT OUR GUIDE, MAGUA IS LOST.
'TIS STRANGE THAT AN INDIAN IS LOST IN THE WOODS-- UNLESS HE IS A THIEVING HURON...
THERE IS A BAND OF HURONS ABROAD THIS DAY, IN SEARCH OF SCALPS AS I SUSPECT YOUR "GUIDE" WELL KNOWS..
THEN I WILL CERTAINLY QUESTION THE SAVAGE -- AND LEARN IF HE PLANNED, IN TREACHERY, TO LEAD US INTO THE ARMS OF THIS SKULKING WAR PARTY.
BUT AS MAJOR HEYWARD MOVES FORWARD, MAGUA ABRUPTLY SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND BOLTS INTO THE WOODS...
STAND ASIDE, SOLDIER-- WE CAN'T LET THE VARMINT ESCAPE TO WARN HIS FELLOW HURONS--!


SWIFTLY SWINGING THE LONG RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER, HAWK-EYE FIRES AT THE FLEEING MAGUA...
MISSED THE DECEITFUL FIEND--!
BLAM!
IT IS NOT LIKE THIS GOOD RIFLE, KILL-DEER, TO MISS...
MAGUA'S BLOOD, HAWK-EYE...
BUT ONLY A SCRATCH UNCAS-- NO BETTER THAN A MISS. WE DARE NOT FOLLOW HIM-- LEST WE BE LED WITHIN REACH OF THE TOMAHAWKS OF HIS COMRADES.
COME-- WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE THE HURONS ARE UPON US.
BUT SURELY YOU CANNOT MEAN TO DESERT US! YOU MUST REMAIN TO HELP ME DEFEND THOSE I ESCORT!
I AM PREPARED TO OFFER--
TIME TO OFFER PRAYERS, NOT MONEY. THE MOHICANS AND I WILL DO WHAT WE CAN TO KEEP THESE HELPLESS WOMEN FROM HARM-- BUT WITH NIGHT NOW FALLING, IT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL TO THE FORT.
WE WILL GO TO A PLACE WHERE WE MAY LIE UNTIL MORNING-- IF I HAVE YOUR PROMISE TO KEEP ITS LOCATION SECRET.
I SWEAR IT, HUNTSMAN-- BY ALL I HOLD DEAR IF YOU WILL BUT AID US!
THUS, BACK AT THE STREAM...
HIDE THE HORSES WELL, MOHICANS-- AND BRING THE DEER FOR OUR MEAL.
YOU KNOW THE PLACE I MEAN TO REACH.
SOON, UNDER THE SKILLFUL HANDS OF THE SCOUT, THE CANOE IS GUIDED INTO A WILDLY TURBULENT STRETCH OF THE HUDSON RIVER...
SURELY WE WILL CAPSIZE IN THIS VORTEX--AND BE SWEPT TO DESTRUCTION.
COURAGE, ALICE--OUR DESTINATION LIES DIRECTLY AHEAD.

AND SOON AN ISLAND IN CALM WATER, WITH TWIN CATARACTS IS REACHED...
WHERE ARE WE--?
AT THE FOOT OF GLENN'S FALLS-- WAIT HERE ON THE FLAT ROCK WHILE I GO BACK FOR THE MOHICANS.
THE RUSH OF THE FALLS WILL MAINTAIN THE NECESSARY SILENCE --BUT REMAIN OUT OF SIGHT
WITHIN SEVERAL MINUTES THE SCOUT RETURNS WITH HIS TWO FRIENDS...
NOW PERHAPS HE WILL EXPLAIN WHERE WE SHALL FIND EVEN THE SMALLEST SAFETY ON THIS BARE AND FLAT ROCK...
WH--WHAT--? WHERE IS HE GOING--?!
TO PLACE OF SAFETY COME-- WE WILL FOLLOW...
AND BEYOND THE RUSHING FALL OF WATER...
A CAVERN! BUT ARE WE SAFE IN A PLACE WITH BUT ONE ENTRANCE--?
SUCH OLD FOXES AS CHINGACHGOOK AND MYSELF ARE NOT OFTEN CAUGHT IN A BURROW WITH ONLY ONE HOLE.
YOU CAN EASILY SEE THE CUNNING OF THE PLACE--
-- WHEN YOU LOOK TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE, AND FIND A SECOND ENTRANCE ...ALSO MASKED BY A FALL.
NOW, THANKS BE TO THE SKILL OF UNCAS, IT IS TIME FOR OUR REPAST...
HAWK-EYE IS AMUSED AS HE WATCHES UNCAS ACTING AS ATTENDANT TO THE FEMALES--ESPECIALLY THE DARK-HAIRED CORA-- WELL KNOWING THE INDIAN'S MIXTURE OF DIGNITY AND ANXIOUS GRACE IS CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOMS OF HIS PEOPLE...
... CUSTOMS WHICH FORBID THEIR WARRIORS TO DESCEND TO MENIAL TASKS, ESPECIALLY IN FAVOR TO WOMEN. BUT THEN, THIS CORA IS A MOST STRIKING WOMAN...

NOW, YOU WHO NEED IT, SEEK YOUR SLEEP-- FOR WE MUST BE AFOOT BEFORE THE SUN RISES.

THE TWO SISTERS OBEY HAWK-EYE'S INSTRUCTION, MAKING THEMSELVES A BED OF BOUGHS AND LEAVES--

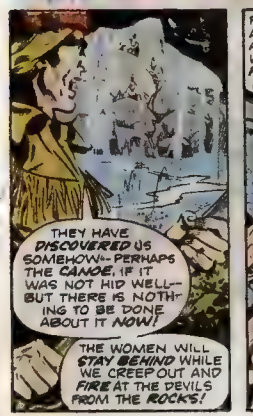

--AS THE SCOUT AND CHINGACHGOOK SET THEMSELVES UP AS GUARDS BEFORE ONE ENTRANCE, AND UNCAS SITS WATCH AT THE OTHER...
LOOK AT THIS UNCAS, SISTER-- SUCH A NOBLE, HANDSOME, AND FEARLESS YOUTH HE SEEMS. I THINK HE WILL PROVE A BRAVE AND CONSTANT FRIEND.
PERHAPS MORE THAN A FRIEND, SISTER CORA. OR DOES THE LIGHT IN YOUR GAZE DECEIVE ME--?

WHAT OF IT, ALICE? DO YOU NOT HAVE STALWART DUNCAN TO ATTRACT YOUR EYES...? OR DOES YOUR GAZE DECEIVE--
HOW-YU-YU-YU

A CRY NEITHER HUMAN NOR EARTHLY RISING FROM THE OUTWARD AIR, PENETRATING NOT ONLY THE RECESSES OF THE CAVERN, BUT TO THE INNERMOST HEARTS OF ALL WHO HEAR IT...

WH-WHAT ... WAS... THAT...?

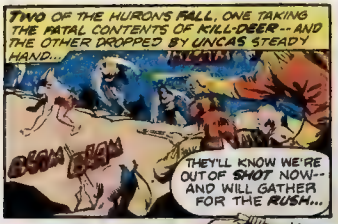
THE HURON MINGOES ON THE OPPOSITE BANK-- THE POWDER, MOHICANS--!

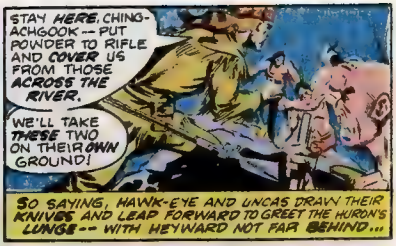

THEY HAVE DISCOVERED US SOMEHOW-- PERHAPS THE CANOE. IF IT WAS NOT HID WELL-- BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE ABOUT IT NOW!
THE WOMEN WILL STAY BEHIND WHILE WE CREEP OUT AND FIRE AT THE DEVILS FROM THE ROCKS!

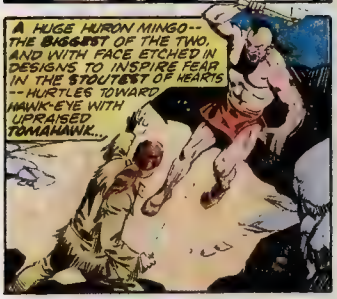
PRAISED BE TO GOD, I AM A MAN OF PEACE AND HAVE NEVER MEDDLED WITH MURDEROUS WEAPONS, BUT IF I CAN HELP YOU LOAD YOUR--

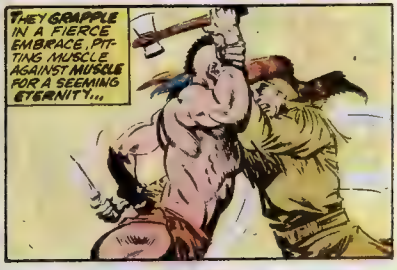
BLAM
THE PSALM-SINGER! THE FOOL HAS BEEN HIT!!
ARRHH--!!

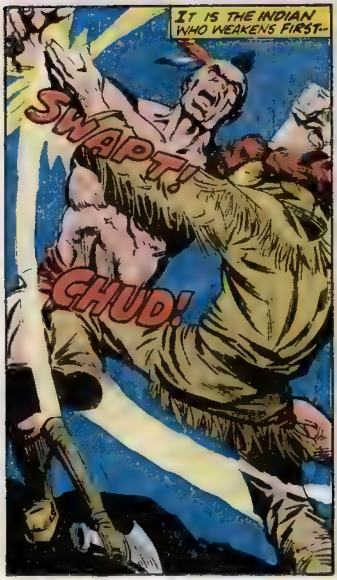
GET HIM UNDER COVER BEFORE HE TAKES ANY MORE HOLES IN HIS SKINNY HIDE!
AND YOU, YE PAINTED VARMINTS, COME ON--KILL DEER WILL STOP YOU!!
BLAM!
BLAM!
AND AFTER THE FIRST FLURRY OF GUNFIRE, THE HURON MINGOES FALL BACK...
CORA AND ALICE ARE TENDING TO THE SINGING MASTER-- THE WOUND SEEMS NOT TOO SERIOUS.
DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEVILS WILL ATTACK AGAIN--?
IS A HUNGRY WOLF SATISFIED WITH A SINGLE MOUTHFUL? NO, OUR ONLY HOPE NOW IS AID FROM COLONEL MONRO--
-- AID WE'LL NOT LIKELY RECEIVE FOR A LONG TIME IN COMING SO WE'D BEST--
HAWK-EYE-- UP THERE...
...AT THE TOP OF THE FALLS...
I SEE THEM, CHINGACHGOOK--FOUR OF THEM. YOUR EYES ARE FAIR SHARP, SAGAMORE-- BUT LOOK! ONE OF THE VARMINTS IS BEING SWEPT OVER...!
AND NOW THE OTHER THREE ARE FOLLOWING THE FIRST--!
THEY WERE NOT SWEPT OVER, BROTHER HAWK-EYE-- THEY WISHED TO FALL WITH THE WATERS.
TRUE ENOUGH, SAGAMORE-- THE RISKY DEVILS SWIM ACROSS TO GAIN OUR ISLAND...!
WELL, WE'VE FOUR SHOTS BETWEEN US-- THOUGH THE DARKNESS AND BRUSH WILL LIKELY GUIDE THEM ASTRAY...


TWO OF THE HURONS FALL, ONE TAKING THE FATAL CONTENTS OF KILL-DEER -- AND THE OTHER DROPPED BY UNCAS STEADY HAND...
BOOM!
BOOM!
THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE OUT OF SHOT NOW -- AND WILL GATHER FOR THE RUSH...

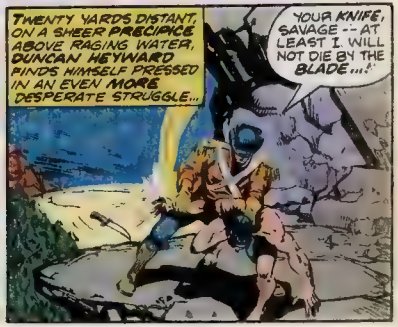

STAY HERE, CHINGACHGOOK -- PUT POWDER TO RIFLE AND COVER US FROM THOSE ACROSS THE RIVER.
WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO ON THEIR OWN GROUND!
SO SAYING, HAWK-EYE AND UNCAS DRAW THEIR KNIVES AND LEAP FORWARD TO GREET THE HURON'S LUNGE -- WITH HEYWARD NOT FAR BEHIND...


A HUGE HURON MINGO -- THE BIGGEST OF THE TWO, AND WITH FACE ETCHED IN DESIGNS TO INSPIRE FEAR IN THE STOUTEST OF HEARTS -- HURTLES TOWARD HAWK-EYE WITH UPRAISED TOMAHAWK...

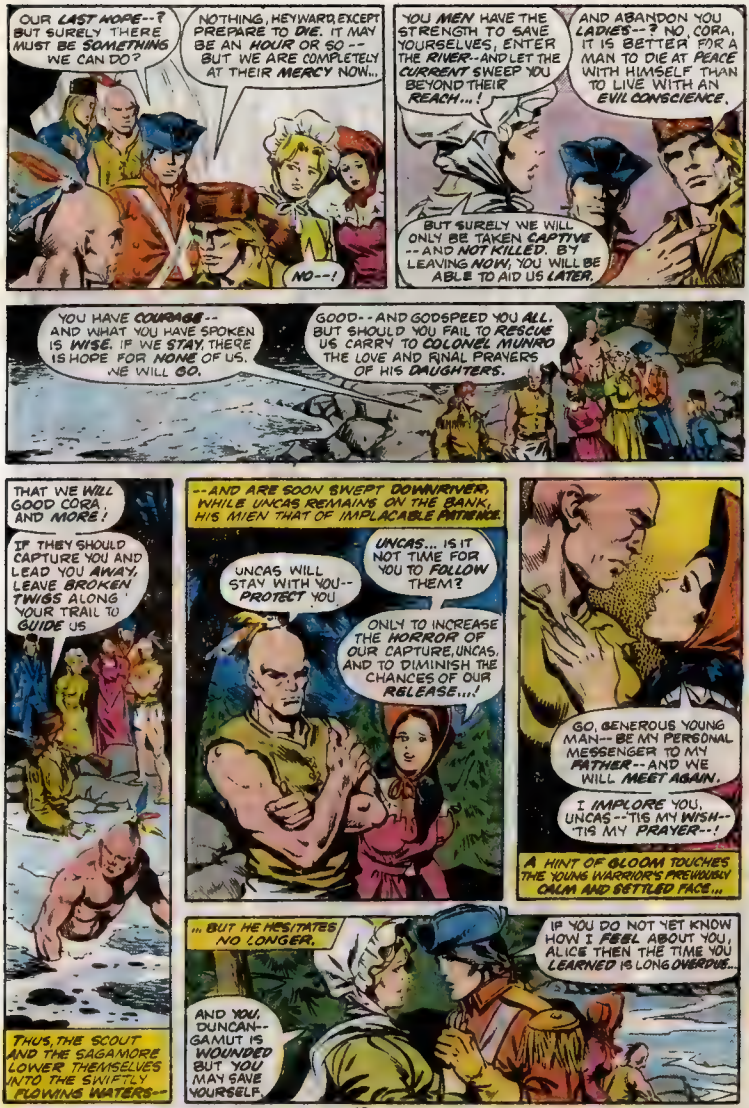

THEY GRAPPLE IN A FIERCE EMBRACE, PITTING MUSCLE AGAINST MUSCLE FOR A SEEMING ETERNITY...


IT IS THE INDIAN WHO WEAKENS FIRST--
SWAPT!
CHUD!

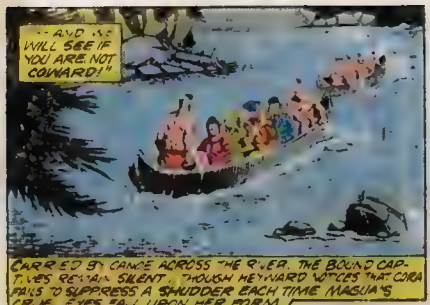
-- AND WHOSE HEART FEELS THE POINT OF HAWK-EYE'S BLADE.
CHUK!

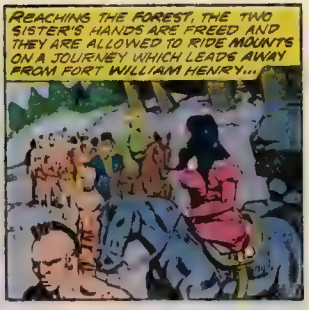

TWENTY YARDS DISTANT, ON A SHEER PRECIPICE ABOVE RAGING WATER, DUNCAN HEYWARD FINDS HIMSELF PRESSED IN AN EVEN MORE DESPERATE STRUGGLE...
YOUR KNIFE, SAVAGE -- AT LEAST I WILL NOT DIE BY THE BLADE...!

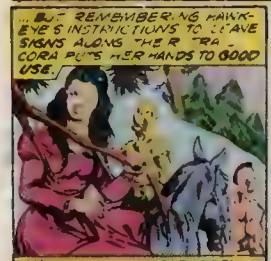
BUT NOW THE HURON GAINS THE ADVANTAGE PUSHING HEYWARD BACK --AND FURTHER BACK, CLOSER TO THE BRINK OF THE TORTUOUS PRECIPICE...
...AND AS HEYWARD FEBS HIS FOOTING SLIP FROM UNDER HIM--
--A LEANKY MUSCLED FIGURE STREAKS DOWN FROM THE HIGHER LEDGE LIKE A BOLT FROM THE HEAVENS...
WUMP
UNCAS--!!
...AND THE SHRIEKING HURON IS HURLED INTO A LONG FALL TO HIS DEATH.
YAIIEEEE
TO COVER, LADS--FOR OUR LIVES! I COUNT FIVE OF THE TEN SERPENTS DEAD --WHICH MEANS OUR WORK IS BUT HALF ENDED!
TRUE ENOUGH, A VOLLEY OF FIRE ERUPTS FROM THE OPPOSITE SHORE EVEN AS THE STALWART BAND FINDS COVER...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THE FIRE IS RETURNED...
--BUT BEFORE LONG...
THAT WAS MY LAST CHANCE, UNCAS--AND THE HORN IS EMPTY.
CAN YOU MAKE IT DOWN TO THE CANOE--AND FETCH MORE POWDER?
BUT AS UNCAS TURNS TO THE MISSION AT HAND...
TOO LATE, BROTHER HAWK-EYE -- THE MINGO TAKES OUR CANOE DOWNRIVER.
THE DIRTY THIEVING DEVILS --THEY'VE STOLEN OUR LAST HOPE!

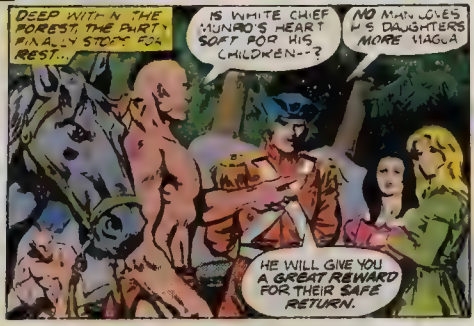

OUR LAST HOPE--? BUT SURELY THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO?
NOTHING, HEYWARD, EXCEPT PREPARE TO DIE. IT MAY BE AN HOUR OR SO -- BUT WE ARE COMPLETELY AT THEIR MERCY NOW...
NO--!
YOU MEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SAVE YOURSELVES, ENTER THE RIVER--AND LET THE CURRENT SWEEP YOU BEYOND THEIR REACH...!
AND ABANDON YOU LADIES--? NO, CORA, IT IS BETTER FOR A MAN TO DIE AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF THAN TO LIVE WITH AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.
BUT SURELY WE WILL ONLY BE TAKEN CAPTIVE --AND NOT KILLED. BY LEAVING NOW, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO AID US LATER.
YOU HAVE COURAGE-- AND WHAT YOU HAVE SPOKEN IS WISE. IF WE STAY, THERE IS HOPE FOR NONE OF US. WE WILL GO.
GOOD--AND GODSPEED YOU ALL. BUT SHOULD YOU FAIL TO RESCUE US CARRY TO COLONEL MUNRO THE LOVE AND FINAL PRAYERS OF HIS DAUGHTERS.
THAT WE WILL GOOD CORA, AND MORE!
IF THEY SHOULD CAPTURE YOU AND LEAD YOU AWAY, LEAVE BROKEN TWIGS ALONG YOUR TRAIL TO GUIDE US
THUS, THE SCOUT AND THE SAGAMORE LOWER THEMSELVES INTO THE SWIFTLY FLOWING WATERS--
--AND ARE SOON SWEPT DOWNRIVER, WHILE UNCAS REMAINS ON THE BANK, HIS MIEN THAT OF IMPLACABLE PATIENCE.
UNCAS WILL STAY WITH YOU-- PROTECT YOU.
UNCAS... IS IT NOT TIME FOR YOU TO FOLLOW THEM?
ONLY TO INCREASE THE HORROR OF OUR CAPTURE, UNCAS, AND TO DIMINISH THE CHANCES OF OUR RELEASE...!
GO, GENEROUS YOUNG MAN-- BE MY PERSONAL MESSENGER TO MY FATHER-- AND WE WILL MEET AGAIN.
I IMPLORE YOU, UNCAS--'TIS MY WISH-- 'TIS MY PRAYER--!
A HINT OF GLOOM TOUCHES THE YOUNG WARRIOR'S PREVIOUSLY CALM AND SETTLED FACE...
...BUT HE HESITATES NO LONGER.
AND YOU, DUNCAN-- GAMUT IS WOUNDED BUT YOU MAY SAVE YOURSELF.
IF YOU DO NOT YET KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU, ALICE THEN THE TIME YOU LEARNED IS LONG OVERDUE...

THE SAVAGES MAY NOT KILL YOU, BUT THERE ARE EVILS WORSE THAN DEATH-- EVILS WHICH MAY BE AVERTED BY THE PRESENCE OF ONE WHO WOULD DIE IN YOUR BEHALF.
DUNCAN HAYWARD'S VOICE IS HOARSE AND THERE IS DEEP COMPASSION IN HIS EYES. THESE THINGS DO NOT FAIL TO TOUCH THE YOUNG ALICE...
... AND REALIZING THAT NO FURTHER ARGUMENT COULD CONQUER THE DEFENSES OF COMPASSION, AND THUS CHANGE DUNCAN'S MIND, SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HIM-- FILLED BOTH WITH HAPPINESS AND MELANCHOLY.
AND TOGETHER, THE SMALL BAND VENTURES BACK TO THEIR CAVERN NEST TO ENDURE THE ORDEAL OF WAITING.
ALL IS QUIET IN THE CAVERN FOR A LONG WHILE... UNTIL --
--A FRIGHTFUL TUMULT CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT, EERILY ECHOING THROUGH THE CONFINES OF THE CAVE.
WH--WHO--?!
A WOLF, PERHAPS--?
NO.
MAGUA--THEIR TREACHEROUS GUIDE...
... HIS FACE FRAMED IN AN OPENING OF THE ROCK WALL, PAINTED TO EVOKE ALL THE TERROR HIS SAVAGE ART CAN CONTRIVE.
A SHARP CRY FROM MAGUA BRINGS HIS FIVE COMPANIONS SWIFTLY INTO THE CAVERN. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE...
WHERE IS LA LONGUE CARBINE-- THE LONG RIFLE--?
IF YOU MEAN HAWK-EYE, HE AND THE MOHICANS HAVE ESCAPED DOWN THE RIVER.
WHY DID WHITE CHIEF STAY? ARE YOU STONE THAT SINKS TO THE BOTTOM.
I STAY BECAUSE NONE BUT COWARDS DESERT THEIR WOMEN WHOM THEY HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT!
THEN YOU WILL STAY WITH WOMEN NOW-- AND YOU WILL COME WITH US--

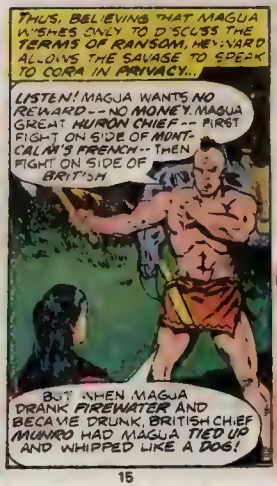

...AND WE WILL SEE IF YOU ARE NOT COWARD!"
CARRIED BY CANOE ACROSS THE RIVER, THE BOUND CAPTIVES REMAIN SILENT... THOUGH HEYWARD NOTICES THAT CORA FAILS TO SUPPRESS A SHUDDER EACH TIME MAGUA'S CRUEL EYES FALL UPON HER FORM

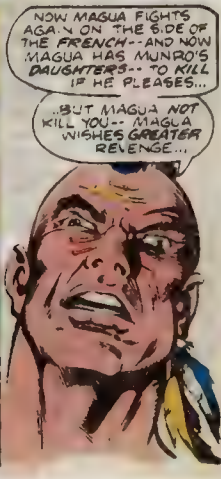

REACHING THE FOREST, THE TWO SISTERS HANDS ARE FREED AND THEY ARE ALLOWED TO RIDE MOUNTS ON A JOURNEY WHICH LEADS AWAY FROM FORT WILLIAM HENRY...


...BUT REMEMBERING HAWK-EYE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO LEAVE SIGNS ALONG THE TRAIL, CORA PUTS HER HANDS TO GOOD USE.
WARY OF THEIR CAPTORS' VIGILANT EYES, CORA IS ABLE TO SNAP TWIGS ONLY IN STEALTH... AND THEN, INFREQUENTLY.


DEEP WITHIN THE FOREST, THE PARTY FINALLY STOPS FOR REST...
IS WHITE CHIEF MUNRO'S HEART SOFT FOR HIS CHILDREN--?
NO MAN LOVES HIS DAUGHTERS MORE MAGUA
HE WILL GIVE YOU A GREAT REWARD FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN.

GOOD. NOW MAGUA WILL HAVE WORDS WITH THE DARK-HAIRED ONE.
ALL OTHERS GO AWAY-- AND SHUT EARS TO MAGUA'S WORDS.
SPEAK TO HIM, CORA-- YOUR LIFE AND ALICE'S DEPEND ON IT


THUS, BELIEVING THAT MAGUA WISHES ONLY TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF RANSOM, HEYWARD ALLOWS THE SAVAGE TO SPEAK TO CORA IN PRIVACY...
LISTEN! MAGUA WANTS NO REWARD--NO MONEY. MAGUA GREAT HURON CHIEF -- FIRST FIGHT ON SIDE OF MONTCALM'S FRENCH-- THEN FIGHT ON SIDE OF BRITISH
BUT WHEN MAGUA DRANK FIREWATER AND BECAME DRUNK, BRITISH CHIEF MUNRO HAD MAGUA TIED UP AND WHIPPED LIKE A DOG!


NOW MAGUA FIGHTS AGAIN ON THE SIDE OF THE FRENCH--AND NOW MAGUA HAS MUNRO'S DAUGHTERS-- TO KILL IF HE PLEASES...
...BUT MAGUA NOT KILL YOU-- MAGUA WISHES GREATER REVENGE...

NAME YOUR INTENTION, MAGUA, AND BE DONE WITH IT.
WHEN MAGUA LEFT HIS PEOPLE AND WENT AMONG THE MOHAWKS THUS TO SERVE THE BRITISH -- HIS WIFE WAS GIVEN TO ANOTHER. TIME NOW FOR NEW WIFE.
MAGUA WILL TAKE THE DARK-HAIRED DAUGHTER OF MUNRO TO LIVE AND SERVE FOREVER IN HIS WIGWAM.
MONSTER! ONLY A FIEND WOULD MEDITATE ON SUCH VENGEANCE--!
TIE ALL PRISONERS TO TREES--
THEN DAUGHTER OF MUNRO REFUSES MAGUA--? WE WILL SEE!
"--AND WE WILL LET THEM FEEL THE PAIN OF TORTURE!!"
CORA-- WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU--?!
SILENCE.
NOW... WILL THE DARK-HAIRED DAUGHTER OF MUNRO LIKE TO SEE SISTER DIE--?
NOOO--!!
THE SAVAGELY HURLED TOMAHAWK NARROWLY MISSES ALICE'S HEAD, CUTTING SEVERAL RINGLETS OF HER BLOND HAIR...
THE SIGHT MADDENS HEYWARD AND, WITH SUPERHUMAN EFFORT HE RIPS FREE OF HIS CAPTOR--
--AND DIVES INTO THE HURON MINGO WHO WAS ABOUT TO HURL A SECOND TOMAHAWK AT HIS BELOVED ALICE...
UHHHNN!

COURAGEOUS AS THE ACTION IS, IT SEEMS DOOMED TO FAILURE-- FOR THE HURON THROWS HEYWARD TO THE GROUND AND RAISES HIS TOMAHAWK TO STRIKE THE FATAL BLOW...
BUT--!
ARRGH--!
CLAM!
...A DEADLY SHOT RINGS OUT...
...A SHOT FIRED BY THE LONG RIFLE KILL-DEER!
EXTERMINATE THE VARLETS!!
NO QUARTER TO AN ACCURSED MINGO!
BACK, YE VARMINT-- FOR KILL-DEER SLAYS FROM BOTH ENDS!!
SWOKT!
UNCAS-- QUICKLY, UNCAS--!!
THUS, THE LAST OF THE FIVE HURONS FALLS UNDER UNCAS' SWIFTLY FLASHING BLADE...

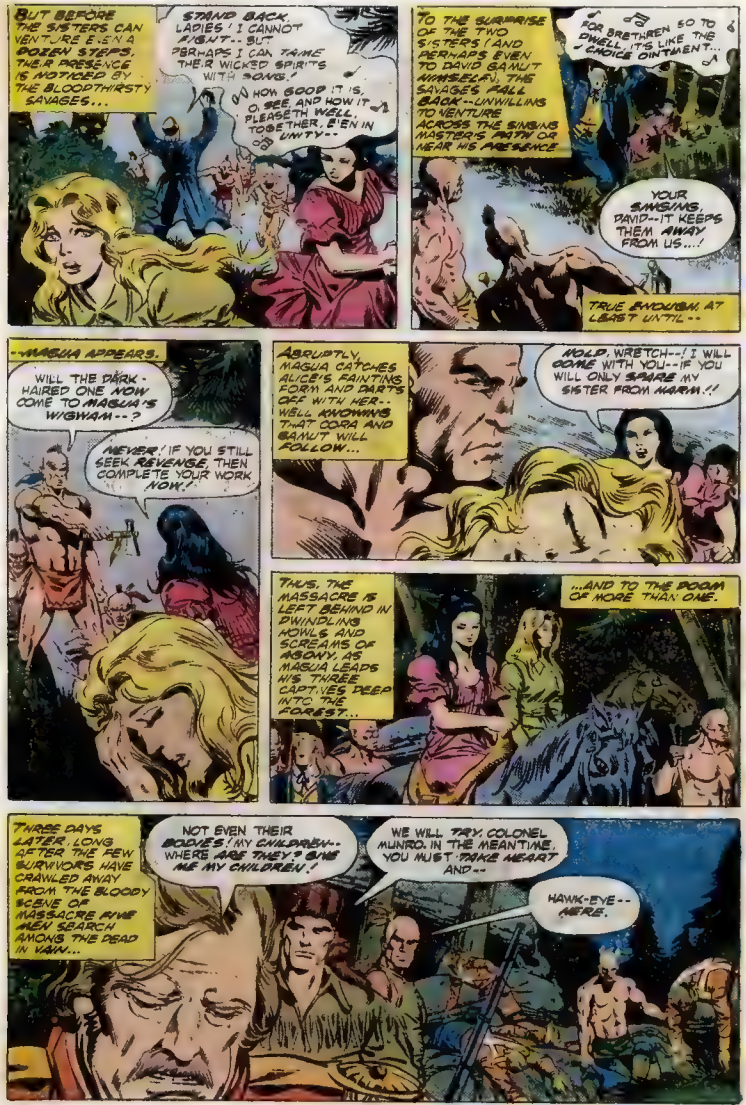
...LEAVING ONLY MAGUA TO ESCAPE--SPRINGING INTO THE THICKET LIKE AN AGILE CAT.
A VALIANT TRY--SAGAMORE--BUT THE SLY REPTILE IS TOO FAR GONE...
...FOR YOUR TOMAHAWK AND OUR CHASE ALIKE.
YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELVES WORTHY OF A CHRISTIAN'S PRAISE, MY FRIENDS--ANOTHER MOMENT AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!
YOU MAY THANK UNCAS, FRIEND GAMUT--IT WAS HE WHO FOUND YOUR BROKEN TWIGS.
NOW WE MUST HURRY--BEFORE MONTCALM'S FRENCH ARMY CUTS US OFF FROM FORT WILLIAM HENRY.
AFTER A DAY AND NIGHT OF HARD JOURNEY, THEY ARRIVE NEAR THE SHORES OF THE HORICAN, WITHIN EASY RANGE OF THE FORT...
WELL, THIS FOG WILL SHIELD US FROM THE EYES OF MONTCALM'S SOLDIERS--BUT WILL ALSO PREVENT US FROM FINDING OUR WAY TO THE FORT...
BOOM
BOOM
HEAR THE CANNONS! -- MONTCALM HAS ENGAGED THE FORT IN BATTLE...
AYE--AND THE EFFORTS OF THEIR BATTLE ARE SPILLING TOO CLOSE IN THIS DIRECTION!
GET DOWN!!
FRACH
FOLLOW TO FORT!
SMART LAD! THE PATH OF THIS CANNONBALL WILL LEAD US UP TO THE FORT'S RAMPARTS.
THUS, STEALTHILY FOLLOWING THE PATH CLEARED THROUGH THE BRUSH, THE SMALL BAND PUSHES ITS WAY PAST THE SHADOWY FIGURES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS...
WHO GOES THERE--?
HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT IS THE DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL MUNRO -- AND THEIR FRIENDS!

CORA--ALICE--! HEAVEN BE PRAISED --YOU ARE SAFE!!
FATHER!!
AND NOW, ALL WILL BE WELL ... FOR A TIME.
IT IS THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FRENCH SIEGE OF THE FORT, AND MONTCALM STILL PRESSES HIS ATTACK. COLONEL MONRO HAS FEW THINGS FOR WHICH TO BE THANKFUL...HIS DAUGHTERS AMONG THEM.
AH, DUNCAN--COME IN! FOR THE RETURN OF MY DAUGHTERS, I MUST AGAIN THANK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS-- THE SCOUT AND HIS MOHICAN COMPANIONS --AS WELL AS THE LORD!
AS YOU WISH, SIR--BUT I COME TO REPORT.
MUST YOU ALWAYS PLAY THE SOLDIER, DUNCAN?
AWAY WITH YOU, YE PRATTLING HUSSIES-- WE MUST DISCUSS THE MAJOR'S REPORT.
AND WHEN THE SISTERS HAVE DEPARTED THE OFFICE...
BE AT EASE, MAJOR HEYWARD. AH, ARE THEY NOT GIRLS A FATHER CAN BE PROUD OF?
THEY ARE INDEED, SIR--BUT MY OPINION MUST WAIT.
NOT SO, HEYWARD --I HAVE PREVENTED YOUR SPEAKING BEFORE. SO SAY IT NOW...
V-VERY WELL, SIR... THEN I ... UH, I ...
... I REQUEST THE HONOR OF BEING YOUR SON.
I SEE, MAJOR HEYWARD. AND HAVE YOU MADE THIS PLAIN TO CORA HERSELF?
CORA, SIR? BUT I... UH, IT IS ALICE WHOM I WISH TO MAKE MY BRIDE.
SO IT IS ALICE, THEN... WHEN I HAD HOPED IT WOULD BE CORA...
BUT NO MATTER. I SUPPOSE ... YOU ARE ALREADY LIKE A SON TO ME, DUNCAN, AND I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU MY CONSENT GLADLY.

NOW, MAJOR HEYWARD--YOUR REPORT.
OUR CASE IS RATHER HOPELESS, SIR. THE WOODS ARE NOW FILLED WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS-- AND I FEAR THE FORT CANNOT LAST MUCH LONGER.
YES, HEYWARD, I KNEW AS MUCH FIVE DAYS PAST -- WHEN THE SIEGE WAS FIRST PUT UNDERWAY.
I SUPPOSE, THEN, IT IS TIME TO HAVE A MEETING WITH THE ENEMY... WITH--
"--MONSIEUR GENERAL MONTCALM."
I TRUST YOU HAVE COME TO SURRENDER YOUR FORT, COLONEL MUNRO...?
SHOULD I, GENERAL MONTCALM?
LET US MERELY SAY, COLONEL MUNRO, THAT THIS PROTRACTED SIEGE BEGINS TO IRRITATE THE PATIENCE OF MY ALLIES HERE
IT WILL PROVE DIFFICULT TO RESTRAIN THEIR ZEAL MUCH LONGER...
MAGUA--! THEN HE IS AGAIN AMONG OUR ENEMIES!
I OFFER YOU EXTREMELY GENEROUS AND LIBERAL TERMS, COLONEL MUNRO-- THE FORT MUST BE DESTROYED, OF COURSE...
...BUT YOU AND YOUR GARRISON OF MEN MAY MARCH OUT FREE AND UNHARMED-- WITH ALL THE FORTUNES OF WAR YOU POSSESS.
I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO ACCEPT YOUR TERMS, GENERAL MONTCALM...
...MY TROOPS WILL LEAVE THE FORT ...IN THE MORNING.
YOUR COLONEL IS PROUD AND BRAVE SOLDIER
YES, MONSIEUR DE MONTCALM... AND AT THIS MOMENT A BROKEN-HEARTED MAN.

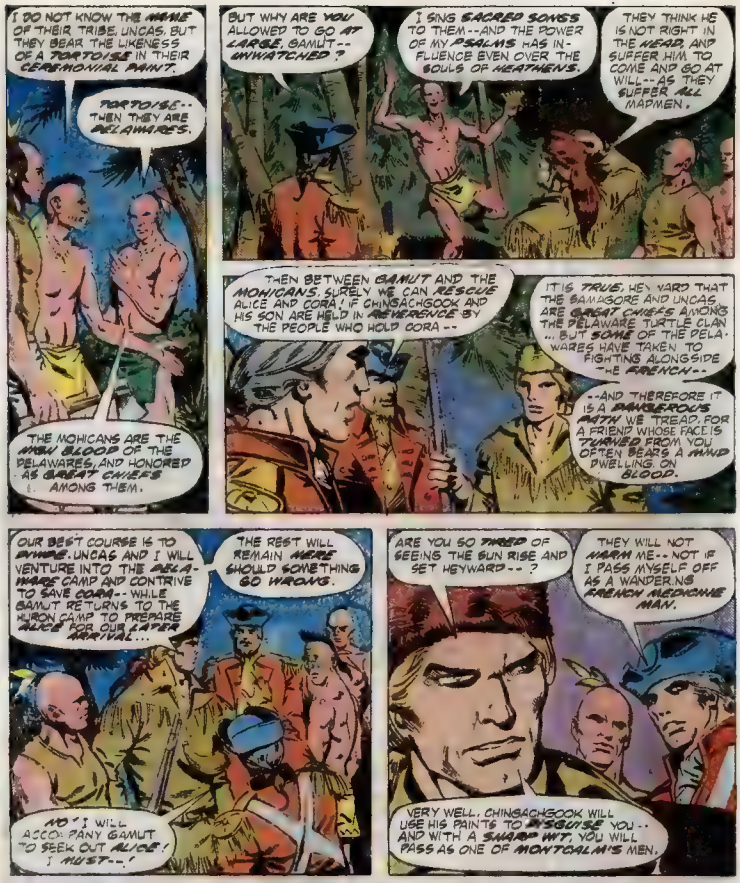
MIGNAT: THE VICTOR, MONTCALM, WALKS NEAR THE FORT HE HAD CONQUERED. AND WHILE PONDERING THE THOUGHTS WHICH ARE HIS ONLY COMPANION, HE NOTICES A DARK FIGURE EMERGING FROM THE LAKE...
WHO...?
MAGUA! BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE--?
MAGUA AND HURONS CAME HERE TO FIGHT--TO TAKE SCALPS!
BUT NOW ALL PALEFACES MAKE FRIENDS--NO FIGHT!
THAT IS MIGNAT, MAGUA--THE HATCHET HAS BEEN BURIED AND THERE WILL BE NO BLOOD-SHED.
MAGUA IS A GREAT CHIEF--AND YOU MUST PROVE THIS BY GOING TO YOUR PEOPLE AND TELLING THEM HOW TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES WITH OUR NEW FRIENDS. NOW GO, MAGUA.
MAGUA GO--BUT MAGUA NOT FORGET HOW BRITISH WHITE CHIEF WHIPPED HIM LIKE DOG!
AND AS THE SULLEN SAVAGE SLINKS AWAY, THE FRENCH GENERAL'S FACE BEARS THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF WORRY.
MEANWHILE: COLONEL MUNRO'S DEFEATED BRITISH TROOPS EVACUATE THE LONG-HELD FORT. THEIR GUNS EMPTY... BUT THEIR FLAGS FLYING HIGH...
MONTCALM'S FRENCH ARMY STANDS TO THE SIDE... WAITING.
HAWK-EYE AND THE TWO MOHICANS HAVE ALREADY LEFT THE FORT, TO HUNT THE SURROUNDING WOODS... AND NOW, AS MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD LEANS DOWN FROM HIS MOUNT THE BAND OF PRINCIPALS IS FURTHER SEPARATED...
I MUST RIDE AHEAD WITH THE TROOPS, DEAR ALICE--BUT DAVID WILL LOOK AFTER YOU AND CORA...
...AND PERHAPS SING YOU A FEW PSALMS, AS WELL.
VERY WELL, DUNCAN. TAKE CARE.

AND SO THE LONG COLUMN MOVES ON ENTERING THE DENSE FOREST WHERE THEIR PROGRESS IS SILENTLY WATCHED BY INDIANS GATHERED ON EITHER SIDE... DARK STORM CLOUDS WAITING TO BURST FORTH IN VIOLENCE
WHY MUST THEY WATCH US SO CONSTANTLY--?
CORA, LOOK-- THAT INDIAN OVER THERE! IS IT NOT--
"--MAGUA!"
MOWOO-YU-YU-YU-YU!!
HE MOVES--LIKE A MADDENED BEAST OF THE PRIMEVAL FOREST...
...AND MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND SAVAGE WARRIORS INDIAN BRAVE "WOODS" TO RUSH THEMSELVES UPON THE BRITISH.
DEATH TO ALL PALEFACES-- SCALPS FOR ALL MAGUA'S FOLLOWERS!!
THE BRITISH ARE WITHOUT AMMUNITION-- UTTERLY DEFENSELESS IN THE FACE OF THIS HORRIFYING ATTACK...
HISTORY WILL PLACE A NAME ON THIS DREADFUL EVENT-- THE MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY--AND WILL JUDGE THAT BETWEEN FIVE AND FIFTEEN HUNDRED MEN ARE NOW BEING SLAUGHTERED.
LADIES--IT IS THE JUBILEE OF THE DEVILS, AND NOT A FIT PLACE FOR CHRISTIANS TO TARRY!
AS I HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT YOU-- LET UP AND FLY FROM HERE!
NO--! WHAT OF FATHER--AND DUNCAN--?! GO, DAVID, IF YOU MUST, BUT LEAVE US HERE TO SEEK OUR LOVED ONES!


BUT BEFORE THE SISTERS CAN VENTURE EVEN A DOZEN STEPS, THEIR PRESENCE IS NOTICED BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY SAVAGES...
STAND BACK, LADIES! I CANNOT MIGHT-- BUT PERHAPS I CAN TAME THEIR WICKED SPIRITS WITH SONG!
HOW GOOD IT IS, O, SEE, AND HOW IT PLEASETH WELL TOGETHER, EVEN IN UNITY--
TO THE SURPRISE OF THE TWO SISTERS AND PERHAPS EVEN TO DAVID GAMUT HIMSELF, THE SAVAGES HALT SUDDENLY--UNWILLING TO VENTURE ACROSS THE SINGING MASTER'S PATH OR NEAR HIS PRESENCE
FOR BRETHREN SO TO DWELL IT'S LIKE THE CHOICE OINTMENT...
YOUR SINGING, DAVID--IT KEEPS THEM AWAY FROM US...!
TRUE ENOUGH, AT LEAST UNTIL--
--MAGUA APPEARS.
WILL THE DARK-HAIRED ONE NOW COME TO MAGUA'S WIGWAM--?
NEVER! IF YOU STILL SEEK REVENGE, THEN COMPLETE YOUR WORK NOW!
ABRUPTLY, MAGUA CATCHES ALICE'S FAINTING FORM AND DARTS OFF WITH HER-- WELL KNOWING THAT CORA AND GAMUT WILL FOLLOW...
HOLD, WRETCH--! I WILL COME WITH YOU--IF YOU WILL ONLY SPARE MY SISTER FROM HARM!!
THUS, THE MASSACRE IS LEFT BEHIND IN DWINDLING HOWLS AND SCREAMS OF AGONY, AS MAGUA LEADS HIS THREE CAPTIVES DEEP INTO THE FOREST...
...AND TO THE DOOM OF MORE THAN ONE.
THREE DAYS LATER, LONG AFTER THE FEW SURVIVORS HAVE CRAWLED AWAY FROM THE BLOODY SCENE OF MASSACRE FIVE MEN SEARCH AMONG THE DEAD IN VAIN...
NOT EVEN THEIR BODIES! MY CHILDREN-- WHERE ARE THEY? GIVE ME MY CHILDREN!
WE WILL TRY, COLONEL MUNRO. IN THE MEANTIME, YOU MUST TAKE HEART AND--
HAWK-EYE--HERE.

WHAT IS IT, UNCAS? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, LAD?
A PIECE OF CLOTHING -- WORN BY THE DARK-HAIRED ONE.
BUT WHAT OF ALICE--?!
NO SIGNS OF HER, HEYWARD...UNLESS THAT SHINING BAUBLE THERE...
YES! IT IS THE TRINKET SHE HAD WHEN I LAST SAW HER! THEN SHE MAY YET LIVE--!
WHAT IS IT YOU SEE NOW, UNCAS--MORE SIGNS?
THE TRAIL, HAWK-EYE -- THE BOOT-MARKS OF THE SINGING MASTER, AND THE MOCCASIN OF MAGUA...
A HORSE IS WITH THEM--CARRYING ONE WHO IS HEAVY...OR TWO WHO ARE LIGHT.
YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE CAPTIVES OF MAGUA, THEN, AND HEADED NORTH--PROBABLY FOR THE HURON CAMP IN CANADA.
WE CAN FOLLOW MORE QUICKLY BY CANOE, AND PICK UP THEIR TRAIL AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE LAKE.
THE LENGTH OF THE ADIRONDACK -- A BEAUTIFUL SHEET OF WATER DOTTED BY MANY ISLANDS, BUT WHOSE BEAUTY IS LITTLE APPRECIATED AT THE MOMENT AND UNDER THE PRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES -- IS TRAVERSED BY CANOE...
...AND AT THE NORTHERN TIP OF THE LAKE...
NOW, IF UNCAS CAN BUT LOCATE THEIR--
HERE--THE FOOT OF THE DARK-HAIRED ONE--GOING TOWARD THE FROST.
STILL NORTH, THEN--BUT QUIETLY, NOW...
WE NEAR AN ENCAMPMENT OF MINGOES.

AFTER ADVANCING WARILY THROUGH THE WOODS, THE SMALL BAND COMES UPON--
AN INDIAN--BUT THE IMP IS NOT A MINGO. CAN YOU SEE WHERE HE HAS PUT HIS RIFLE OR BOW--?
HE APPEARS NOT TO HAVE ANY WEAPONS--NOR DOES HE SEEM HEINOUSLY INCLINED.
STAY HERE--I WILL CREEP UP ON THE VARMINT AND TAKE HIM.
STEALING WITHIN STRIKING REACH OF THE MAN'S BACK, HAWK-EYE RAISES HIS KNIFE AND--
HOLD--THIS IS NO HURON!
EH--?!
PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE WAYS OF YOUR PEACEFUL SINGING, FRIEND GAMUT. THAT TOOTLING PIPE HAS JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.
HAWK-EYE--! PRAISE THE LORD AND SING HIS NAME THAT YOU ARE WELL!
AND AFTER HAWK-EYE HAS CALLED THE OTHERS...
TELL ME, MAN--WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY DAUGHTERS?!
THEY ARE CAPTIVES, COLONEL MUNRO--BUT THOUGH TROUBLED IN SPIRIT, THEY ARE WELL IN BODY.
ALICE IS DETAINED AMONG THE WOMEN OF THE MINGOES--IN THE HURON VILLAGE ONLY TWO MILES HENCE...
...BUT FOR SOME REASON MAGUA WOULD NOT TRUST CORA TO HIS OWN TRIBE. THUS, SHE IS KEPT ELSEWHERE--HELD BY A NEIGHBORING TRIBE WHOSE LODGES LIE BEYOND YONDER BLACK ROCK.
AND WHAT TRIBE IS THIS?


I DO NOT KNOW THE NAME OF THEIR TRIBE, UNCAS, BUT THEY BEAR THE LIKENESS OF A TORTOISE IN THEIR CEREMONIAL PAINT.
TORTOISE-- THEN THEY ARE DELAWARES.
THE MOHICANS ARE THE NEW BLOOD OF THE DELAWARES, AND HONORED AS GREAT CHIEFS AMONG THEM.
BUT WHY ARE YOU ALLOWED TO GO AT LARGE, GAMUT-- UNWATCHED?
I SING SACRED SONGS TO THEM--AND THE POWER OF MY PSALMS HAS IN-FLUENCE EVEN OVER THE SOULS OF HEATHENS.
THEY THINK HE IS NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD, AND SUFFER HIM TO COME AND GO AT WILL--AS THEY SUFFER ALL MADMEN.
THEN BETWEEN GAMUT AND THE MOHICANS, SURELY WE CAN RESCUE ALICE AND CORA! IF CHINGACHGOOK AND HIS SON ARE HELD IN REVERENCE BY THE PEOPLE WHO HOLD CORA--
IT IS TRUE, HEYWARD THAT THE SAMAGORE AND UNCAS ARE GREAT CHIEFS AMONG THE DELAWARES, BUT SOME OF THE DELA-WARES HAVE TAKEN TO FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE FRENCH--
--AND THEREFORE IT IS A DANGEROUS PATH WE TREAD FOR A FRIEND WHOSE FACE IS TURNED FROM YOU OFTEN BEARS A HAND DWELLING ON BLOOD.
OUR BEST COURSE IS TO DIVIDE. UNCAS AND I WILL VENTURE INTO THE DELA-WARE CAMP AND CONTRIVE TO SAVE CORA-- WHILE GAMUT RETURNS TO THE HURON CAMP TO PREPARE ALICE FOR OUR LATER ARRIVAL...
THE REST WILL REMAIN HERE SHOULD SOMETHING GO WRONG.
NO! I WILL ACCOMPANY GAMUT TO SEEK OUT ALICE! I MUST--!
ARE YOU SO TIRED OF SEEING THE SUN RISE AND SET HEYWARD--?
THEY WILL NOT HARM ME--NOT IF I PASS MYSELF OFF AS A WANDERING FRENCH MEDICINE MAN.
VERY WELL. CHINGACHGOOK WILL USE HIS PAINTS TO DISGUISE YOU-- AND WITH A SHARP WIT, YOU WILL PASS AS ONE OF MONTCALM'S MEN.
THUS, GAMUT AND HEYWARD SOON REACH THE HURON VILLAGE WHERE ALICE IS SAID TO BE HELD PRISONER...
WE WILL ENTER THE COUNCIL LODGE- THE CHIEFS WILL WANT TO QUESTION YOU...

WEARE THE LOBSE. HEYWARD ADVANCES HIS BLUFF BY SPEAKING TO THE GATHERED CHIEFS IN FRENCH..
YOU SAY YOU COME FROM THE CANADA FATHER MONTCALM. IS HE ANGRY WITH OUR BRAVES FOR SCALPING THE ENGLISH ?
NOT SO. MONTCALM SAYS THE HURONS ARE BRAVE AND MIGHTY WARRIORS WHO KILL MANY OF HIS ENEMIES.
THEN WHY DO YOU COME HERE ?
I AM A MAN WHO KNOWS THE ARTS OF HEALING. THE FRENCH FATHER MONTCALM SENDS ME AMONG YOU TO TEND TO YOUR SICK. I WEAR THE PAINT OF MY RED BROTHERS TO SHOW THAT I AM A GREAT MEDICINE MA --
BUT HEYWARD'S WORDS ARE CUT SHORT BY--
YI-HI-YEE-Y
Y-IAAE
--A SHRILL CRY FROM OUTSIDE, ANNOUNCING THE VICTORIOUS RETURN OF A WAR PARTY.
LOOK, DUNCAN-- THEY HAVE BROUGHT BACK A CAPTIVE..
YES, BUT WHO COULD IT--
UNCAS-- THEY HAVE CAPTURED UNCAS!
YES, AND THEY ARE FORMING THE GAUNTLET BEFORE HIM-- POOR LAD, HIS TIME HAS COME.

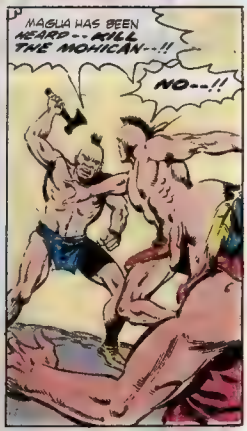
I SEE NO OTHER CAPTIVES, DAVID -- NOT HAWK-EYE NOR DORA. DOES THAT MEAN THEY HAVE BEEN --
LOOK -- THE CHIEF SIGNALS FOR THE GAUNTLET TO BEGIN...!
ON SIGNAL, UNCAS RACES DOWN THE NARROW ROW BETWEEN THE TWO FACING LINES OF NARROW WARRIORS..
WEAPONS RISE BEFORE HIM...
...AND FALL BEHIND HIM...
HE RUNS LIKE A DEER!
BUT STILL HE RACES DOWN THAT DEADLY ROW DUCKING AND DODGING THE SWOOP AND FALL OF EACH CLUB AIMED AT HIM...
...AND THOUGH IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANY MAN COULD SURVIVE SUCH OBSTACLES--
NOT A CLUB REACHES HIM!
...AND BOUNDS TOWARD THE SAFETY OF THE SURROUNDING FOREST.
HE TRIES TO ESCAPE!! STOP HIM!!
...UNCAS REACHES THE GAUNTLET'S END UNSCATHED..

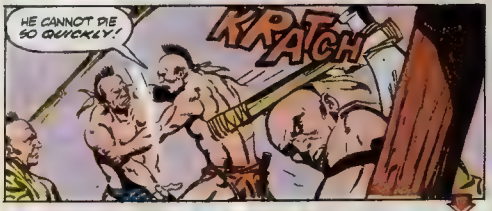
SEEING THAT ALL PATHS OF ESCAPE ARE BLOCKED TO HIM--
--UNCAS SWIFTLY TURNS AND DARTS TOWARD A SHORT PAINTED POST SET INTO THE GROUND...
REACHING THE POST, UNCAS HALTS WITH HIS BACK TO IT... ARMS COILY FOLDED ACROSS HIS CHEST.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED DAVID! WHY DO THEY NOT FALL UPON HIM--?
IT IS THE SACRED STAKE, DUNCAN-- ANY PRISONER WHO REACHES THAT POST IS PROTECTED UNTIL THE COUNCIL MEETS AND DECIDES HIS FATE.
HOPING HE IS NOT NOTICED, HEYWARD CONTRIVES TO PASS THE SACRED STAKE...
UNCAS--WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE--
THE OTHERS ARE SAFE. NOW GO-- WE MUST BE STRANGERS HERE.
THE HURONS SURROUND HIM, BUT COME NO CLOSER.
COME, DELAWARE-- WE WILL GO TO THE COUNCIL LODGE.
ANXIOUS TO LEARN WHAT HIS FRIEND'S FATE IS TO BE--
--HEYWARD ELECTS THE RISKY BUSINESS OF FOLLOWING THEM TO THE COUNCIL LODGE.

YOU HAVE BEATEN THE GAUNTLET AND PROVEN YOURSELF A MAN, DELAWARE. THIS HAS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE.
THUS, YOU MAY REST IN PEACE UNTIL THE MORNING SUN-- WHILE WE DECIDE IF YOU SHALL LIVE OR DIE.
NO!

ALL TURN TO SEEK THE AUTHOR OF THE IOCE...
MAGUA! IF HE SHOULD RECOGNIZE ME, WE ARE BOTH LOST--!
THIS IS UNCAS-- THE MOHICAN OF WHOM I HAVE SPOKEN! AND I TELL YOU AGAIN-- HE MUST DIE!

I HAVE TOLD YOU OF THE MANY ILLS I HAVE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THIS MOHICAN AND HIS FRIENDS.
AS I AM NOW A CHIEF AMONG YOU, YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME WHEN I SAY HE MUST DIE!!

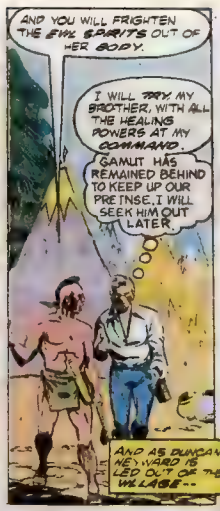




AND AS UNCAS IS LED AWAY, HEYWARD WATCHES IN HELPLESS ANXIETY...

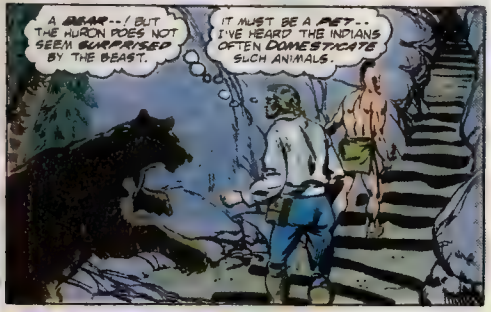
IF ONLY THERE WERE A WAY TO SAVE THE NOBLE LAD! PERHAPS IF HAWK-EYE WERE HERE, HE COULD--
YOU!--YOU WHO CLAIMS TO KNOW THE FRENCH ARTS OF HEALING...

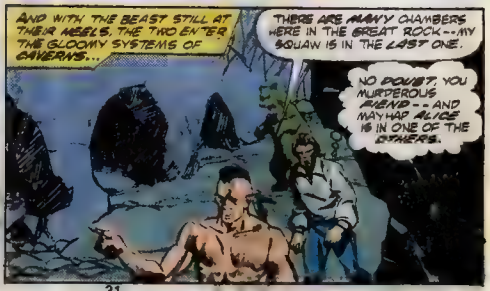
EH--?!
WHAT DOES MY RED BROTHER WANT?
YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO THE CAMP WHERE A YOUNG SQUAW LIES IN SICKNESS...


AND YOU WILL FRIGHTEN THE EVIL SPIRITS OUT OF HER BODY.
I WILL TRY, MY BROTHER, WITH ALL THE HEALING POWERS AT MY COMMAND.
GAMUT HAS REMAINED BEHIND TO KEEP UP OUR PRETENSE. I WILL SEEK HIM OUT LATER.
AND AS DUNCAN HEYWARD IS LED OUT OF THE VILLAGE--

--HE DESPERATELY SEEKS A GLIMPSE OF HIS BELOVED ALICE... TO NO AVAIL.
IF ONLY I COULD SEARCH MORE THOROUGHLY... LOOK, MAYBE THESE LOSSES...
BUT I MUST FOLLOW THIS MINGO TO HIS CAMP. WILL I EVER GET A CHANCE TO SEEK ALICE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION--?

BEYOND THE VILLAGE, HEYWARD IS LED TO THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN WHOSE SIDE IS CUT WITH A NATURAL STONE STAIRWAY LEADING UP TO THE MOUTH OF A CAVERN.
THERE IS A SOFT SCUFFLING AND THRASHING SOUND BEHIND THEM..

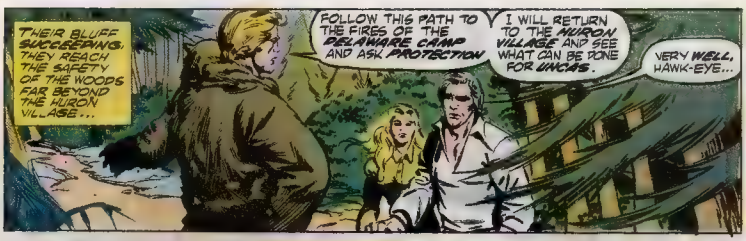

A BEAR--! BUT THE HURON DOES NOT SEEM SURPRISED BY THE BEAST.
IT MUST BE A PET-- I'VE HEARD THE INDIANS OFTEN DOMESTICATE SUCH ANIMALS.


AND WITH THE BEAST STILL AT THEIR HEELS, THE TWO ENTER THE GLOOMY SYSTEMS OF CAVERNS...
THERE ARE MANY CHAMBERS HERE IN THE GREAT ROCK--MY SQUAW IS IN THE LAST ONE.
NO DOUBT, YOU MURDEROUS FIEND--AND MAYHAP ALICE IS IN ONE OF THE OTHERS.

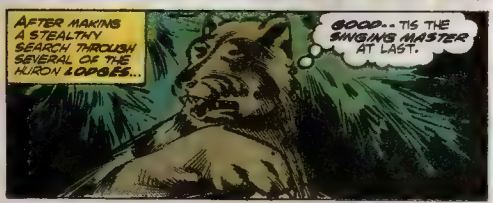
REACHING THE BEDSIDE OF THE SICK WOMAN...
LEAVE US NOW-- THE FRENCH CHIEF MUST MAKE STRONG MEDICINE!
AND WHEN THE WOMEN ATTENDANTS HAVE DEPARTED THE CAVE...
NOW LET MY BROTHER SHOW HIS POWER. DRIVE THE EVIL SPIRITS FROM HER DYING BODY BEFORE IT IS--
RURRR
PEACE, JEALOUS ONE! I DO NOT SEEK TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR ARTS--!
I WILL GO NOW....
RORR
THE HURON QUICKLY FLEES THE CAVERN.. AS THE BEAR TURNS ON HEYWARD.
BACK, BEAST! I KNOW NOT HOW TO BEST DEFEND MYSELF FROM YOUR ATTACK. BUT I WILL SURRENDER YOUR LIFE BEFORE MINE!
SO YOU WOULD KILL ME, HEYWARD...?
NOT THE SORT OF WELCOME I'D EXPECT FROM A FRIEND.
HAWK-EYE--!!
BUT WHY THIS STRANGE MASQUERADE--?
WHY ELSE BUT TO RESCUE THE GIRL AND UNCAS, WHOSE RECKLESS COURAGE LED TO HIS CAPTURE. THE LAD AND I WERE SEPARATED. BUT I SAW HIM LEAP INTO AMBUSH BY THESE HURON MINGOES.
I STARTED AFTER THEM, THINKING ON A WAY TO AID UNCAS' ESCAPE...

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, I CAME UPON A MEDICINE-MAN COHORT OF THE TRIBE WHO WAS IN THE ACT OF DRESSING HIMSELF IN THIS CEREMONIAL BEARSKIN.
A RAP ON THE HEAD STIFFENED HIM, AND I MADE FREE WITH HIS ARMORY--WITH NO ONE THE WISER, INCLUDING YOU.
BUT TELL ME--WHERE IS THE GENTLE ONE WITH THE FAIR HAIR?
I DO NOT KNOW, FRIEND HAWK-EYE. I HAVE LOOKED THROUGH THE VILLAGE AS BEST I COULD--AND ALICE IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.
THEN LET US SEPARATE AND SEARCH THE OTHER CHAMBERS OF THIS CAVERN.
AYE, HAWK-EYE--AND WE SHALL MEET BACK HERE.
AFTER SEARCHING THREE CHAMBERS AND FINDING NAUGHT, HEYWARD PAUSES OVER A ROCK BASIN FILLED WITH WATER. HE WASHES CHINGACHGOOK'S PAINT FROM HIS FACE, NEVER SEEING THE GLOOM-SHROUDED FIGURE IN THE CHAMBER BEYOND...
DUNCAN...
EH--?
ALICE--AT LAST! THANK PROVIDENCE THAT I'VE FOUND YOU.
DUNCAN--IT IS YOU! I KNEW YOU WOULD NEVER DESERT ME!
YOUR FATHER IS WAITING--WE MUST GO AT ONCE!
DEAREST ALICE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW MY HEART IS--

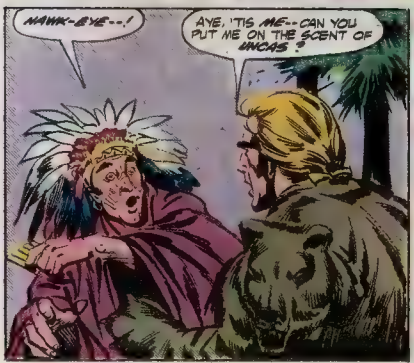
MAGUA--!! NO--THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN BEAR!
DO YOUR WORST, PAINTED FIEND --WE DO NOT FEAR YOU!
YOU AND YOUR FOUL VENGEANCE ARE DESPISED!
AND WILL THE WHITE CHIEF SPEAK SUCH BRAVE WORDS WHEN HE IS AT THE STAKE--?
--WHEN HE FEELS THE PAIN OF MAGUA'S TORTURE?
URKRR
WHAT--?
FOOL OF A MEDICINE MAN! GO PLAY WITH THE SQUAWS AND THE CHILDREN-- AND LEAVE A MAN TO THE WISDOM OF HIS VENGEANCE!
URROAR
BUT INSTEAD OF OBEYING MAGUA'S STERN ORDER--
--THE LUMBERING "BEAR" ABRUPTLY LUNGES FORWARD, GRASPING MAGUA IN A CRUSHING HOLD.
QUICKLY, DUNCAN--HELP ME BIND THE RED SERPENT!
MOMENTS LATER...
THAT'S RIGHT--WRAP ALICE IN THE BLANKET.
THEY WILL THINK SHE IS THE SICK SQUAW.
MY SQUAW! HAS THE EVIL SPIRIT DEPARTED HER BODY?
THE SPIRIT IS SHUT UP IN THE ROCK OF THIS MOUNTAIN.
REMAIN HERE AND GUARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE SO THE SPIRIT CANNOT ESCAPE.
I WILL RETURN WITH YOUR SQUAW WHEN MY MEDICINE IS FINISHED.


THEIR BLUFF SUCCEEDS. THEY REACH THE SAFETY OF THE WOODS FAR BEYOND THE HURON VILLAGE...
FOLLOW THIS PATH TO THE FIRES OF THE DELAWARE CAMP AND ASK PROTECTION
I WILL RETURN TO THE HURON VILLAGE AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR UNCAS.
VERY WELL, HAWK-EYE...

...BUT SEEK OUT GAMUT. AND HE WILL SHOW YOU WHERE UNCAS IS HELD.
THAT I WILL, FRIEND HEYWARD. NOW BE ON YOUR WAY-- AND FARE YOU WELL.


AFTER MAKING A STEALTHY SEARCH THROUGH SEVERAL OF THE HURON LODGES...
GOOD-- 'TIS THE SINGING MASTER AT LAST.

WHAT DARK MONSTER IS THIS--?!
NO MATTER-- AN INSPIRED PSALM WILL MAKE THE BEAST REPENT HIS INTENTIONS.
PUT DOWN THAT TOOTH-HIS PIPE, DAVID GAMUT-- AND LISTEN TO ME!


HAWK-EYE--!
AYE, 'TIS ME-- CAN YOU PUT ME ON THE SCENT OF UNCAS?

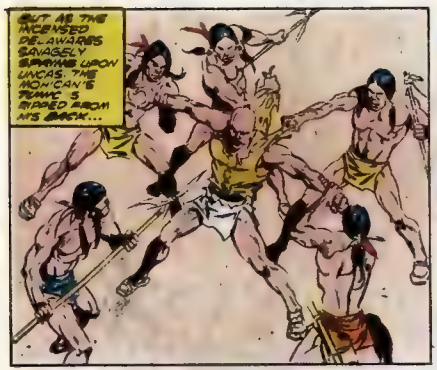
THE BRAVE LAD IS BOUND IN ONE OF THE LODGES--AND I FEAR HIS DEATH HAS BEEN DECREED.
SIX WARRIORS GUARD HIM. BUT I DO NOT THINK THEY WILL STOP US-- IF WE PLAY OUR ACT RIGHT. FOLLOW ME, HAWK-EYE.

REMEMBER--WE ARE THEIR FAVORITE CONJUROR AND MADMAN. WE MUST PLAY OUR PARTS WELL.
REACHING THE LODGE WHERE THE PRISONER IS HELD...
WOULD MY BROTHERS WISH TO SEE US WORK EVIL MAGIC ON THE DELAWARE UNCAS--?
CAN YOU MAKE HIM WEEP LIKE A WOMAN AT THE STAKE--AND BEG FOR PETTICOATS? THAT WOULD BE GOOD MAGIC!
WE CAN DO THAT AND MORE IF YOU LET US ENTER, BUT STAND FAR BACK--OR THE EVIL BREATH WILL CAST ITS SPELL ALSO ON YOU!
GO INSIDE--WE WILL STAND BACK, AND LISTEN FOR THE DOG'S WEEPING.
FREE HIM, SAMUT. WHILE I SHED THIS SKIN.
HAWK-EYE--YOU ARE WELL.
AYE, LAD--NOW PUT ON THIS SKIN AND ESCAPE WITH THE SINGING MASTER.
NEVER, HAWK-EYE--I WILL NOT ESCAPE TO LEAVE YOU BEHIND.
TAKE MY CLOTHES, HAWK-EYE--AND YOU ESCAPE WITH UNCAS. THEY WILL BE LESS LIKELY TO HARM ME.
SPOKEN LIKE A BRAVE MAN, DAVID SAMUT.
MORE THAN ONCE HAS UNCAS BATTLED BRAVELY IN MY BEHALF, AND AS A CHRISTIAN IN DEVOUT GRATITUDE, I CAN DO NO LESS THAN DARE THIS ACT IN HIS BEHALF.

THEN, AS GAMUT IMPERSONATES THE SOUNDS OF WAILING IN A VOICE HE HOPES WILL PASS FOR THAT OF UNCAS...
YIEEE-EEEEEE YEE
OUR MAGIC IS POWE, MY BROTHERS --HEAR THE DELAWARE UNCAS WEEP LIKE A WOMAN.
AND AS CRIES OF RAGE ISSUE FROM THE LODGE, ANNOUNCING THAT THE DECEPTION HAS BEEN DISCOVERED..
COME, UNCAS--WE MUST BE OFF SWIFTLY NOW!! TO THE CAMP O: YOUR GRANDFATHER'S CHILDREN -- THE DELAWARES.!
REACHING THE PERIMETER OF THE VILLAGE, THE SCOUT GRACES A BACKWARD GLANCE...
THE DEVILS ARE IMPATIENT TO WITNESS YOUR SHAME, UNCAS--THEY ENTER THE LODGE.
WITHIN THE LODGE GAMUT BURST INTO INSPIRATIONAL SONG AND THE ENRAGED HURONS -- READY TO SLAY HIM -- HALT THEIR ACTIONS AS THEY ARE REMINDED OF HIS BELIEVED INFIRMITY...
2
FIRSTBORN OF EGYPT, SMITE DID HE, OF MANKIND, AND OF BEAST ALSO: O, EGYPT! OF WONDERS SENT MOST THEE ON PHARAOH AND HIS SERVANTS TOO
THUS INSTEAD THE SIX HURON CHIEFS GO TO THE COUNCIL LODGE AND INFORM THEIR CHIEFS OF THE ESCAPE..
DOES MAGUA KNOW OF THIS?
MAGUA IS NOT HERE--HE WENT TO THE CAVE WHERE THE SICK ONE LIES TO SEE THE YELLOWHAIR PALEFACE SQUAW, AND HAS NOT RETURNED.
A SOLEMN PROCESSION OF TEN CHIEFS IS SELECTED TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER..
MAGUA IS DISCOVERED IN THE CAVE AND FREED.
NOW SEETHING WITH CRUEL WRATH, MAGUA RETURNS TO THE COUNCIL LODGE...
YOU SAY EVIL SPIRITS ENABLED OUR PRISONERS TO ESCAPE--BUT I TELL YOU IT WAS LA LONGUE CARABINE--THE PALEFACE DOG THEY CALL HAWK-EYE!

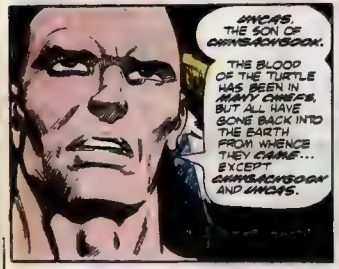
OUR RUNNERS TELL US THEY HAVE FOUND THE TRACKS OF OUR PRISONERS LEADING TO THE VILLAGE OF THE DELAWARES -- THEY WHO HOLD THE DARK-HAIRED SQUAW FOR ME!
I TELL YOU NOW THAT I WILL GO TO THE DELAWARES -- AND CLAIM WHAT IS MINE -- WHAT IS MAGUA'S!!
AND SOON IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE OF THE PEACEFUL DELAWARES...
MAGUA IS A WISE HURON -- HE IS WELCOME HERE. WHAT DOES HE WISH?
MY YOUNG MEN HAVE SCENTED THE FEET OF PALEFACES LAYING TRACKS NEAR YOUR VILLAGE AND YOUR LODGES.
THAT IS SO.
AND DID MY WISE BROTHER, TAMENUND -- YOU WHO ARE THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE DELAWARES -- BEAT THE DOGS OUT?
THAT WOULD NOT DO. THE STRANGER IS ALWAYS WELCOME AMONG THE DELAWARES.
THE STRANGER, YES -- BUT NOT THE PALEFACE SPY. AMONG YOU IS LA LONGUE CARABINE -- THE PALEFACE HUNTER. BUT YOU ARE WISE GREAT TAMENUND, AND I NEED NOT REMIND YOU OF WHAT THE PALEFACES HAVE DONE TO OUR PEOPLES...
...HOW THEY HAVE STOLEN OUR LANDS, HOW THEY HAVE KILLED OUR GAME...
...HOW THEY HAVE DRIVEN YOUR TRIBE OF THE DELAWARES AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE SEA. NOR NEED I REMIND YOU OF YOUR PAST GREATNESS -- YOUR PRESENT MISERY AND DEFEAT.
MY TONGUE IS STILL NOW... MY HEART IS HEAVY.
WHY SPEAK OF THE GOOD THAT IS NOW PAST? WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? SPEAK, HURON!
MAGUA COMES FOR THE PRISONERS WHO ARE MINE. HE ASKS FOR JUSTICE!

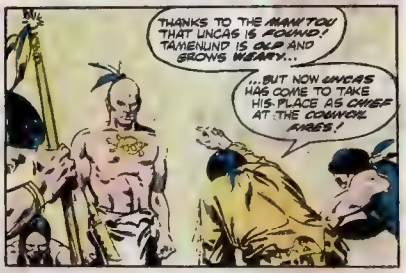
JUSTICE IS THE LAW OF THE DELAWARES!
IF THEY ARE YOUR PRISONERS, TAKE THEM AND DEPART!
BUT AS MASUA'S HURONS PREPARE TO LEAD THE PRISONERS AWAY, CORA BREAKS FREE AND RUNS TO TAMENUND IN DESPERATION..
WISE TAMENUND--THE HURON DOG POISONS YOUR EARS WITH FALSEHOODS!
IF THE HURON SPEAKS FALSEHOODS, WHAT WOULD YOU SPEAK--?
THE PALEFACES ARE A HUNGRY RACE WHO WOULD STRIP THE FORESTS BARE AND EAT THE VERY EARTH! NOW GO!
PLEASE WAIT..HAVE MERCY BEFORE YOU LET THE MINGO DEPART IN TRIUMPH! THERE IS ONE OF YOUR OWN PEOPLE AMONG US WHOM YOU HAVE NOT SEEN--LET HIM SPEAK!
WHERE IS THIS PRISONER OF WHOM YOU SPEAK?
CALMLY, BUT WITH REGAL BEARING, UNCAS STEPS FORWARD TO CONFRONT THE ANCIENT ONE...
WITH WHAT TONGUE DOES THE PRISONER PRAY TO THE MANITOU?
LIKE HIS FATHERS, WITH THE TONGUE OF THE DELAWARES.
THEN HE WHO HAS DESERTED HIS TRIBE IS DOUBLY A TRAITOR! I HAVE SEEN THE TRIBES OF THE DELAWARES SCATTERED BY THE PALEFACES LIKE BROKEN HERDS OF DEER!
AND NOW HERE IS A DELAWARE WHO IS LIKE A DOG OF THE WHITE MEN!
TAKE HIM AND DEAL WITH HIM!!
THIS IS THE FAMINE FOR THE BRAVE LAD--AND FOR ALL OF US.

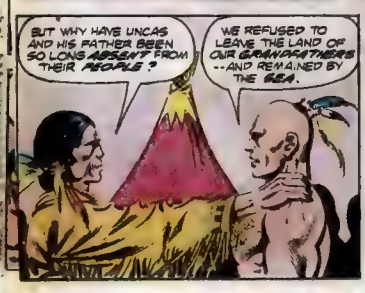

BUT AS THE INCENSED DELAWARES SAVAGELY BURDEN UPON UNCAS, THE MOHICAN'S TOMAHAWK IS RIPPED FROM HIS BELT...

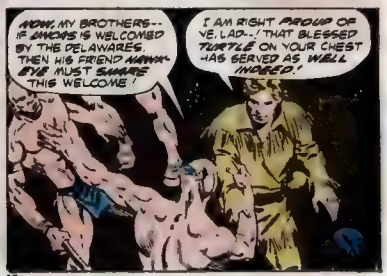
...REVEALING--
THE TORTOISE--!
HE WEARS THE SACRED SIGN OF THE TURTLE CLAN!
HE RANKS AS THE GREATEST OF ALL CHIEFS!!

MEN OF THE DELAWARES--I AM THE LAST OF THE OLDEST OF THE MOHICANS!
MY RACE WAS THE TRIBE FROM WHOM ALL OF YOU ARE DESCENDED!
AND WHO ART THOU...?

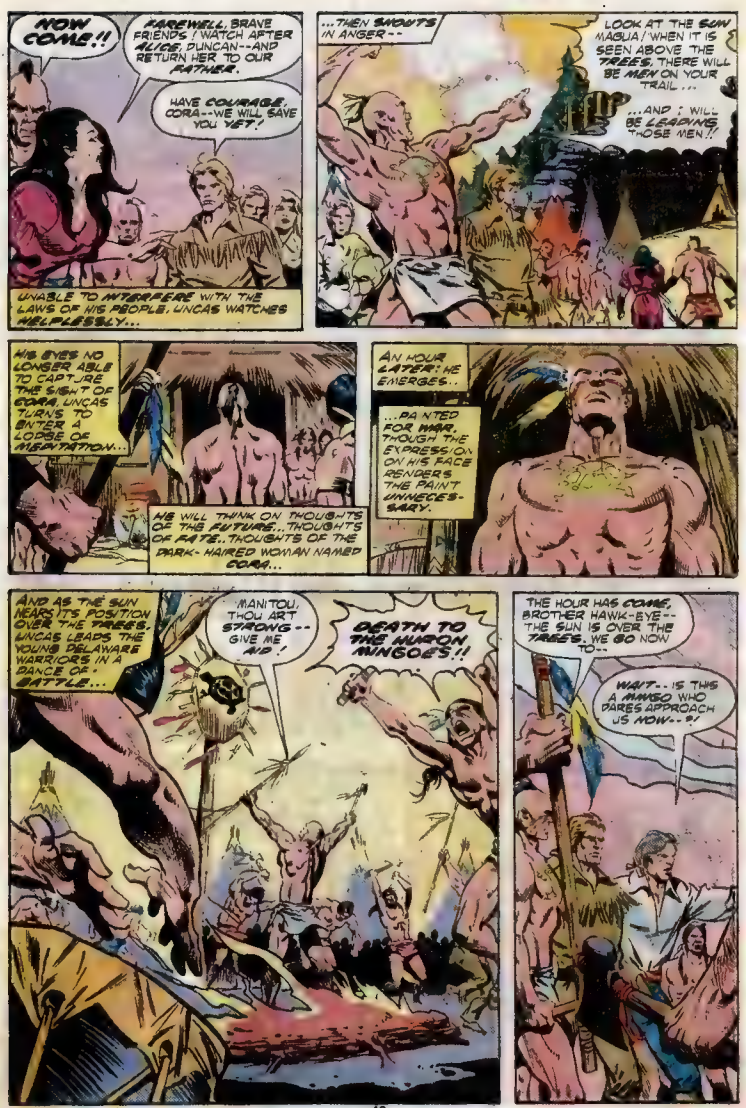

UNCAS, THE SON OF CHINGACHGOOK.
THE BLOOD OF THE TURTLE HAS BEEN IN MANY CHIEFS, BUT ALL HAVE GONE BACK INTO THE EARTH FROM WHENCE THEY CAME... EXCEPT CHINGACHGOOK AND UNCAS.


THANKS TO THE MANY YOU THAT UNCAS IS FOUND! TAMENUND IS OLD AND GROWS WEARY...
...BUT NOW UNCAS HAS COME TO TAKE HIS PLACE AS CHIEF AT THE COUNCIL FIRES!


BUT WHY HAVE UNCAS AND HIS FATHER BEEN SO LONG ABSENT FROM THEIR PEOPLE?
WE REFUSED TO LEAVE THE LAND OF OUR GRANDFATHERS --AND REMAINED BY THE SEA.


NOW, MY BROTHERS-- IF UNCAS IS WELCOMED BY THE DELAWARES, THEN HIS FRIEND HAWK-EYE MUST SHARE THIS WELCOME!
I AM RIGHT PROUD OF YE, LAD--! THAT BLESSED TURTLE ON YOUR CHEST HAS SERVED AS WELL INDEED.

TELL ME, WISE UNCAS-- DOES THE MINGO MAGUA SPEAK THE TRUTH? HAS HE A CONQUEROR'S CLAIM OVER YOU--?
HE HAS NONE WISE TAMENUND. A SNARE WAS SET FOR ME--BUT I ESCAPED.
AND THE PALE-FACE--THIS HAWK-EYE, WHOM YOU CALL FRIEND--?
HE LIVES! AT THE MINGO. FOR HE ALSO ESCAPED.
WHAT OF THE PALEFACE STRANGER--AND THE YELLOWHAIR MAIDEN-- WHO CAME INTO MY VILLAGE TOGETHER?
THEY TOO, ESCAPED-- BEFORE EVEN HAWK-EYE AND MYSELF.
AND THE DARK-HAIRED WOMAN WHOM MAGUA LONG AGO LEFT IN THE CARE OF MY WARRIORS--?
SHE IS MINE MOHICAN! YOU KNOW SHE IS MINE!!
UNCAS SLOWLY TURNS AWAY, HIS EYES DOWN-- CAST, HIS SPIRIT FILLED WITH QUIET SORROW...
BETTER IT WERE NOT SO... BUT SHE DID NOT ESCAPE... AND BY DELAWARE LAW...
...SHE BELONGS TO THE HURON... MAGUA.
MINGO, DEPART WITH YOUR PRISONER--AND RETURN HERE NEVER AGAIN!
WAIT, MAGUA--! I WILL GIVE YOU GOLD-- SILVER--GUN-POWDER...!
SILENCE, PALEFACE DOG! MAGUA HAS BUT ONE MIND!


NOW COME!!
FAREWELL, BRAVE FRIENDS! WATCH AFTER MUGGE, DUNCAN--AND RETURN HER TO OUR FATHER.
HAVE COURAGE, CORA--WE WILL SAVE YOU YET!
UNABLE TO INTERFERE WITH THE LAWS OF HIS PEOPLE, UNCAS WATCHES HELPLESSLY...
...THEN SHOUTS IN ANGER--
LOOK AT THE SUN MAGUA! WHEN IT IS SEEN ABOVE THE TREES, THERE WILL BE MEN ON YOUR TRAIL...
...AND I WILL BE LEAPING THOSE MEN!!
HIS EYES NO LONGER ABLE TO CAPTURE THE SIGHT OF CORA, UNCAS TURNS TO ENTER A LODGE OF MEDITATION...
HE WILL THINK ON THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE...THOUGHTS OF FATE...THOUGHTS OF THE DARK-HAIRED WOMAN NAMED CORA...
AN HOUR LATER: HE EMERGES...
...PAINTED FOR WAR. THOUGH THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE RENDERS THE PAINT UNNECESSARY.
AND AS THE SUN NEARS ITS POSITION OVER THE TREES, UNCAS LEADS THE YOUNG DELAWARE WARRIORS IN A DANCE OF BATTLE...
MANITOU, THOU ART STRONG--GIVE ME AID!
DEATH TO THE HURON MINGOES!!
THE HOUR HAS COME, BROTHER HAWK-EYE--THE SUN IS OVER THE TREES. WE GO NOW TO--
WAIT--IS THIS A MINGO WHO DARES APPROACH US NOW--?!

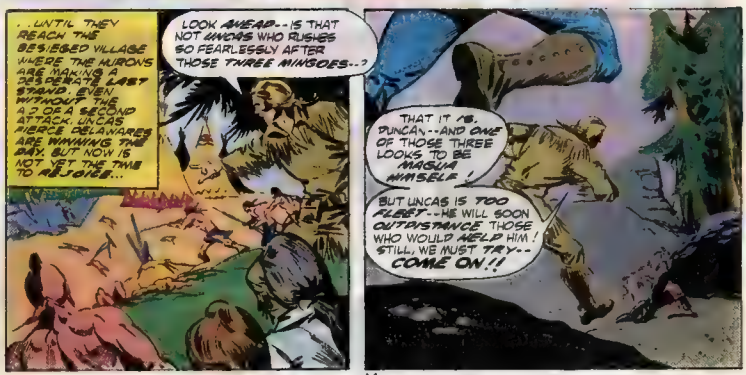
NO--IT IS OUR OLD FRIEND GAMUT!
MAWK-EYE--THERE WAS SUCH A HOWLING IN THE HURON CAMP THAT I HAD TO FLEE FOR MY VERY LIFE!
MAGUA HAS IMPRISONED CORA IN THE CAVE--AND PREPARES HIS SAVAGES FOR BATTLE!
WHAT SAY YOU, BROTHER HAWK-EYE?
GIVE ME TWENTY OF YOUR BRAVE FRIEND UNCAS--AND MOHICAN AND I WILL LEAD THEM ALONG THE STREAM TOWARD THE HURON VILLAGE.
CHINGACHGOOK AND COLONEL MUNRO STILL WAIT THERE--AND CAN JOIN US.
YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN ATTACK FROM THE FRONT, UNCAS, AND WHEN THEY ARE ENGAGED, THE REST OF US WILL MOVE FROM THE SIDE TO WIN THE VILLAGE AND TAKE CORA FROM THE CAVE.
THERE IS WISDOM IN YOUR PLAN, BROTHER HAWK-EYE. WE WILL DO AS YOU PROPOSE.
THOUGH A MAN OF PEACE AND MERCY WHO IS UNFAMILIAR WITH THE WAYS OF WAR, I WILL GO WITH YOU--
--TO STRIKE A RIGHTEOUS BLOW OF CHRISTIAN WRATH IN BEHALF OF THE MAIDEN!
THUS, THE TWO GROUPS TAKE TO THE WOODS...
...AND WHEN MAWK-EYE'S GROUP HAS NEARLY REACHED THE STREAM WHERE CHINGACHGOOK AND MUNRO WAIT...
SHHHTOK!
TO COVER, LADS--BEFORE THE MINGO FIENDS NIP OFF OUR NOSES!!

FEW IN NUMBER, THE ATTACKING HURONS GRIMLY FALL BACK UNDER THE FIRE OF KILL-DEER AND THE OTHER TWENTY-ODD RIFLES IN HAWK-EYE'S COMMAND...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
STILL EVEN AS THE HURONS RETREAT, MORE AND MORE OF THEIR FELLOWS ARRIVE TO INCREASE THEIR NUMBER...

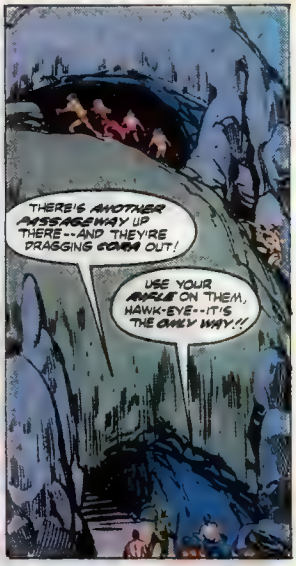
...AND JUST WHEN HAWK-EYE DESPAIRS THAT THE AMBUSH WILL DELAY HIM TOO LONG TO ASSIST UNCAS'S ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE, TWO FRIENDS ARRIVE, DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF RIFLE-FIRE...
CHINGACHGOOK--AND MUNRO!
HAVE YOU WORD OF MY DAUGHTERS, MAN--?!
ALICE IS SAFE--AND WE FIGHT NOW TO RESCUE THE ELDER CORA.

THESE DELAWARES ARE YOUR PEOPLE, CHINGACHGOOK--TAKE COMMAND OF THEM WHILE I AND MY WHITE BROTHERS SLIP AWAY.
WE WILL ATTEMPT TO STRIKE ON FOR THE VILLAGE, THERE TO ASSIST UNCAS.

THEN, LIKE SILENT SHADOWS SLIDING THROUGH THE TUMULT OF BATTLE BETWEEN DELAWARE AND HURON, HAWK-EYE AND HIS THREE COMPANIONS PUSH ONWARD...


...UNTIL THEY REACH THE BESIEGED VILLAGE WHERE THE HURONS ARE MAKING A DESPERATE LAST STAND. EVEN WITHOUT THE AID OF A SECOND ATTACK, UNCAS'S FIERCE DELAWARES ARE WINNING THE DAY, BUT NOW IS NOT YET THE TIME TO REJOICE...
LOOK AHEAD--IS THAT NOT UNCAS WHO RUSHES SO FEARLESSLY AFTER THOSE THREE MINGOES--?
THAT IT IS, DUNCAN--AND ONE OF THOSE THREE LOOKS TO BE MAGUA HIMSELF!
BUT UNCAS IS TOO FLEET--HE WILL SOON OUTDISTANCE THOSE WHO WOULD HELP HIM! STILL, WE MUST TRY--COME ON!!

THEY'RE MAKING FOR THE CAVE -- WHERE HE HOLDS THE WOMAN!!
BUT UNCAS CANNOT POSSIBLY REACH HIM IN TIME --!

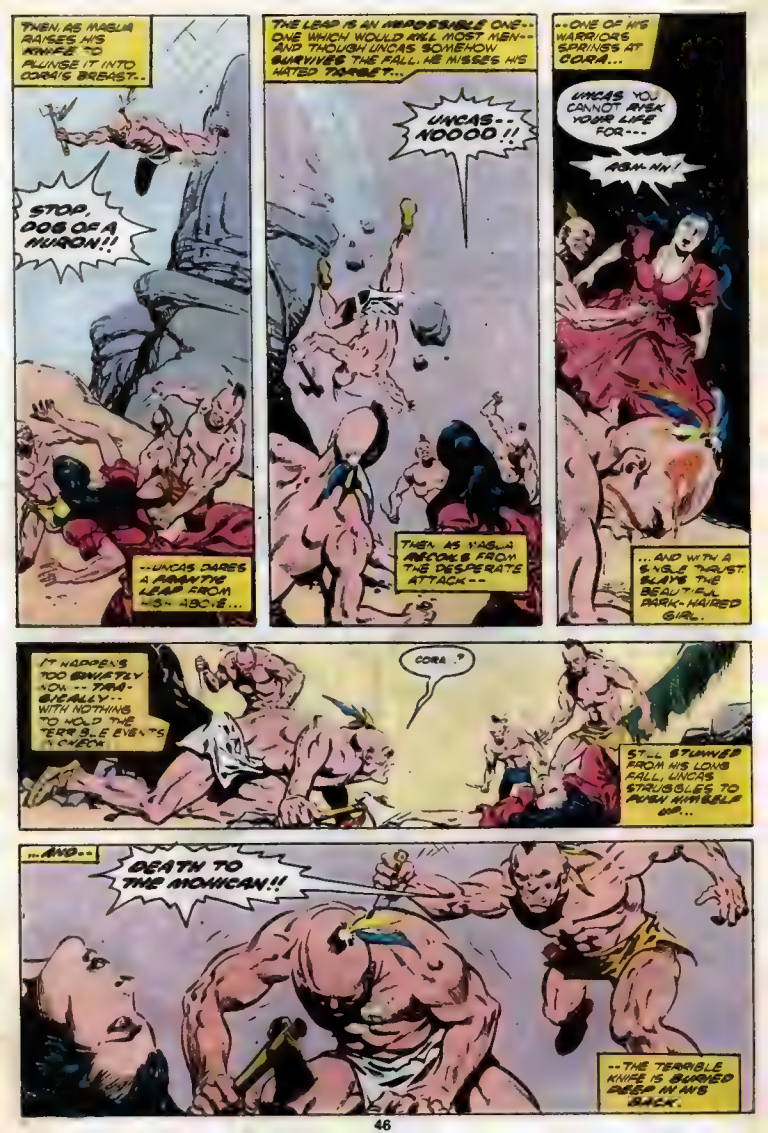

THERE'S ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY UP THERE -- AND THEY'RE DRAGGING COOA OUT!
USE YOUR ANGLE ON THEM, HAWK-EYE -- IT'S THE ONLY WAY!!

QUICKLY -- FOLLOW THEM INSIDE!
NO -- LOOK, GO THERE -- ON THAT LEDGE!

I DARE NOT EMPTY KILL-DEER AT THE VARMINTS -- THEY'RE USING THE GIRL TO SHIELD THEMSELVES!

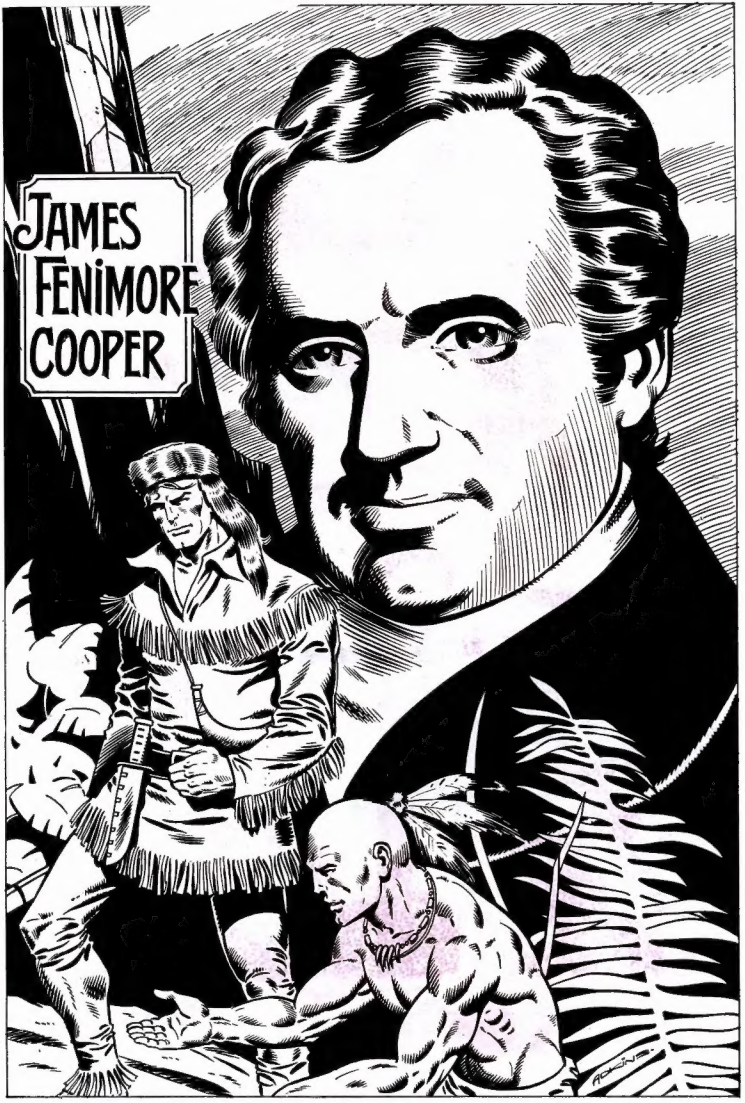
KILL ME IF YOU MUST, MAGUA BUT I WILL GO NO FURTHER!

CHOOSE, WOMAN! MAGUA OR THIS KNIFE!!
I HAVE CHOSEN.
THEN YOU MUST DIE!!


THEN, AS MASUA RAISES HIS KNIFE TO PLUNGE IT INTO CORA'S BREAST--
STOP, DOG OF A HURON!!
--UNCAS DARES A FRANTIC LEAP FROM ~3~ ABOVE...
THE LEAD IS AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE-- ONE WHICH WOULD KILL MOST MEN-- AND THOUGH UNCAS SOMEHOW SURVIVES THE FALL, HE MISSES HIS HATED TARGET...
UNCAS-- NOOOO!!
THEN AS MASUA SWOOPS FROM THE DESPERATE ATTACK--
--ONE OF HIS WARRIORS SPRINGS AT CORA...
UNCAS YOU CANNOT RISK YOUR LIFE FOR---
ASH-NI!
...AND WITH A SINGLE THRUST SLAYS THE BEAUTIFUL DARK-HAIRED GIRL.
IT HAPPENS TOO SWIFTLY NOW -- TRAGICALLY-- WITH NOTHING TO HOLD THE TERRIBLE EVENTS IN CHECK!
CORA!
STILL STUNNED FROM HIS LONG FALL, UNCAS STRUGGLES TO PUSH HIMSELF UP...
...AND--
DEATH TO THE MOHICAN!!
--THE TERRIBLE KNIFE IS BURIED DEEP IN HIS BACK.

MORTALLY WOUNDED--AND LIVING ONLY BY THE GRACE OF COURAGE AND DETERMINATION--UNCAS STAGGERS UPRIGHT, AND WITH HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH--
--UNCAS VENGEFULLY STRIKES DOWN CORA'S MURDERER...
...THEN FALLS HIMSELF INTO DEATH... AT CORA'S SIDE.
BUT WISH AS ONE, DAVID GAULT DISAPPEARS--AND FROM THE SAME LEDGE WHICH HOSTED THE FATAL PLUNGE OF THE WARRIOR UNCAS...
THE PALEFACES ARE DOGS! THE DELAWARES ARE WOMEN!
...THE MAN OF PEACE--THE MASTER OF PSALMODY--IS AROUSED AT LAST TO ACTION!
NO--I COME TOO LATE! BOTH OF THEM DEAD--!!
AND THE SCOUT'S HANDS TREMBLE LIKE SPRING LEAVES IN A STIFF AND BITTERLY COLD WIND...
MAGUA LEAVES THEM ON THE ROCKS FOR THE CROWS!!
AND AS MAGUA MAKES HIS DESPERATE LEAP FOR ESCAPE, HAWK-EYE'S HANDS--WHICH HAD TREMBLED SO WOLENTLY AT THE SIGHT OF THE FALLEN UNCAS AND CORA--
--NOW SURROUND KILL-DEER WITH A GRIP AS FIRM AND STEADY AS THE VERY ROCK ALL AROUND...
UNCAS, LAD, I KNOW YOU CANNOT HEAR ME...
...BUT KILL-DEER SPEAKS FOR YOUR MEMORY...
BLAM!

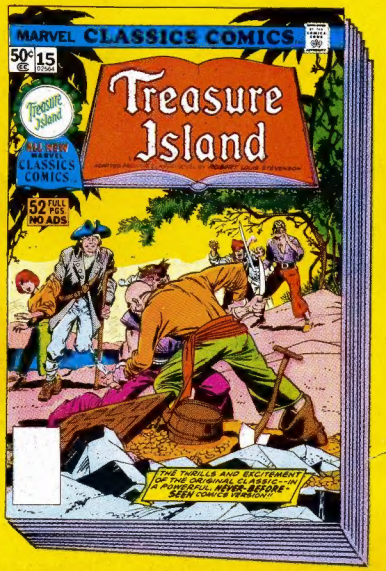
...AND THE DEATH OF THIS HURON SNAKE...
AIII-AGHH!
...SETTLES THE SCORE.
THE PLACE CHOSEN FOR CORA IS A SMALL KNOLL WHERE A CLUSTER OF WHITE PINES HAVE TAKEN ROOT. TO PROVIDE PERCEPTUAL SHADE, THE WOMEN OF THE DELAWARE PLACE THE PETALS OF SOFT FLOWERS ON HER GRAVE...
FEAR NOTHING, NOBLE MAIDEN--FOR THE GREAT WARRIOR UNCAS WILL BE AT YOUR SIDE, AND WILL PROTECT YOU FROM DANGER ON YOUR JOURNEY TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.
GRIEVING, BUT AT LAST FINDING PEACE, MUNRO, ALICE, HEYWARD AND GAMUT DEPART FOR THE OUTPOSTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY. AFTER A TIME, WHEN THE STING IS LESSENED IF NOT FORGOTTEN, ALICE AND DUNCAN HEYWARD WILL WED.
BUT FOR NOW, THEY CAN THINK ONLY OF THE LOSS -- OF CORA...AND OF TWO FRIENDS WHO KNEEL OVER A MOUND OF FLESHLY TURNED EARTH...
HE WAS GOOD; HE WAS BEAUTIFUL; HE WAS BRAVE. THE GREAT SPIRIT HAD NEED OF SUCH A WARRIOR, AND HAS CALLED HIM AWAY.
YES, HAWK-EYE, HE HAS GONE AWAY...LEAVING ME A BLAZED PINE... IN A CLEARING OF WHITE MEN...
I AM ALONE.
NO, CHINGACHGOOK--NOT ALONE. THE GIFTS OF OUR COLORS MAY BE DIFFERENT, BUT GOD HAS PLACED US BOTH TO JOURNEY ON THE SAME PATH.
THE BOY HAS LEFT US FOR A TIME...BUT, SAGAMORE, YOU ARE NOT ALONE.
AND NOW, THE TWO WOODSMEN WILL BOW THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, WHILE SCALDING TEARS FALL BELOW THEM...WATERING THE GRAVE OF SAGAMORE LIKE DROPS OF SLOWLY FALLING RAIN...
AND THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT BUT THE AWFUL STILLNESS, AND THE BURST OF FEELING IN THE WORDS OF WISE, ANCIENT TAMENUND: "GO, CHILDREN OF THE DELAWARE, FOR THE ANGER OF THE MANITOU IS NOT ASLEEP. THE PALEFACES ARE MASTERS OF THE EARTH, AND THE TIME OF THE RED MAN HAS NOT YET COME AGAIN. MY DAY HAS BEEN TOO LONG IN THE MOUNTAINS. I SAW THE SON OF CHINGACHGOOK HAPPY AND STRONG; AND YET, BEFORE THE MOON HAS COME, I HAVE LIVED TO SEE THE LAST WARRIOR OF THE WISE RACE OF THE MOHICANS."
END


JAMES
FENIMORE
COOPER

3 MORE FINE ILLUSTRATED ADAPTATIONS NOW AVAILABLE IN THE MARVEL CLASSICS SERIES!

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 14
WAR OF THE WORLDS
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS
WAR OF THE WORLDS
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY H.G. WELLS
THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL CLASSIC--IN A POWERFUL NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN COMICS VERSION!!

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 16
Ivanhoe
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS
Ivanhoe
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY SIR WALTER SCOTT
THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL CLASSIC--IN A POWERFUL NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN COMICS VERSION!


MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 15
Treasure Island
ALL NEW MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS
Treasure Island
THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL CLASSIC--IN A POWERFUL NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN COMICS VERSION!!